

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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May and June, 1903.

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AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE,
MUSIC, ART, RELIGION, FACTS, FICTION AND TRADITIONS OF
THE NEGRO RACE.



MISS VELLA CRAWFORD,
St. Louis, Mo.

See page 451.

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UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.

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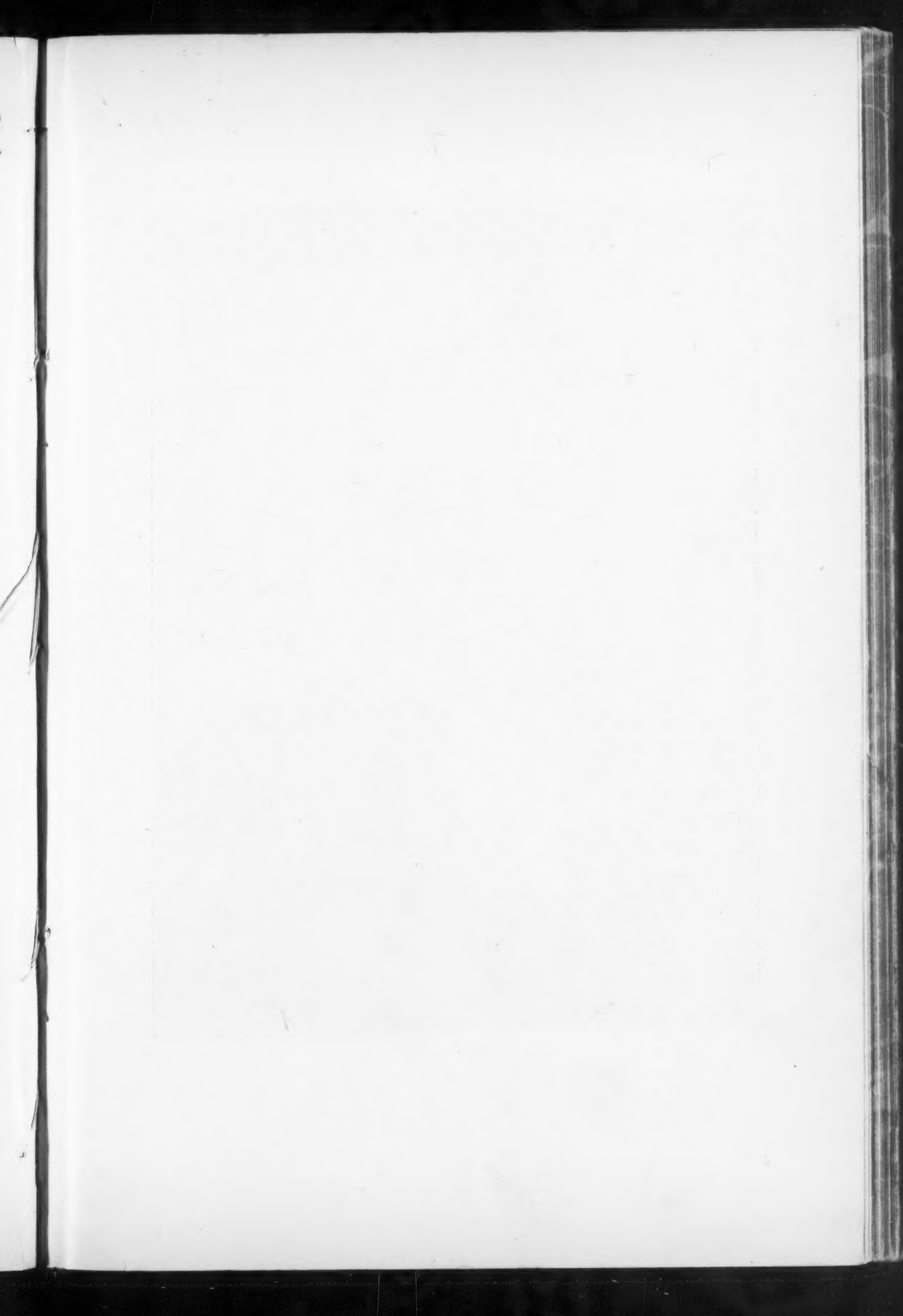
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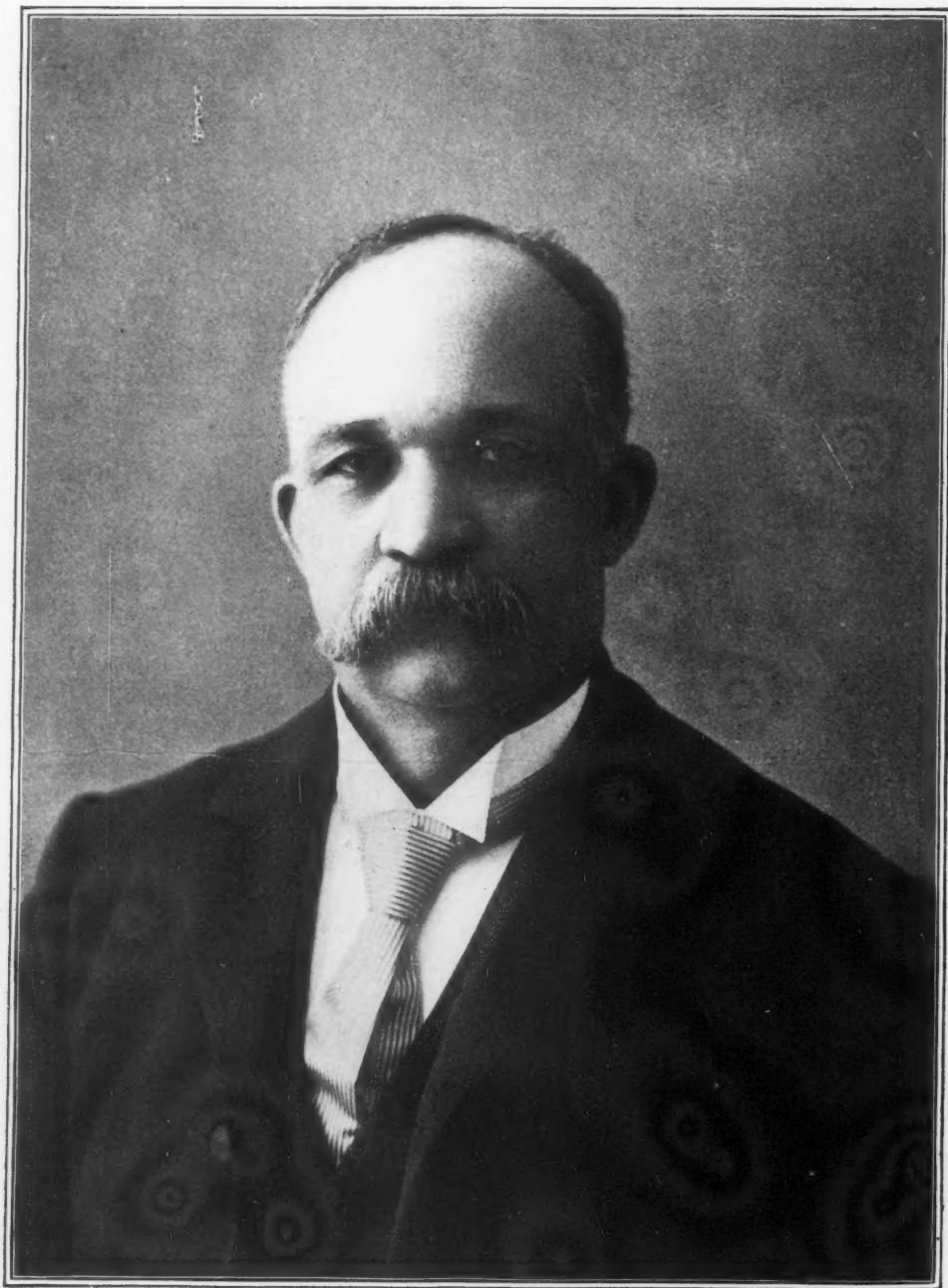
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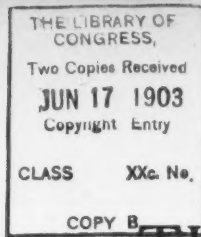
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COL. WILLIAM H. DUPREE,
President of the Colored Co-operative Publishing Company.



THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOL. VI.

MAY AND JUNE, 1903

No. 6

TRUTH.

MRS. E. F. W. HARPER.

A rock for ages stern and high,
Stood frowning 'gainst the earth and sky;
And never bowed his haughty crest,
When angry storms around him prest.

Morn springing from the arms of night,
Had often bathed his brow with light;
And kissed the shadows from his face,
With gentle love and tender grace.

Day, pausing at the gates of rest,
Smiled on him from the distant west,
And from her throne the dark-browed night
Threw 'round his path her softest light.

And yet he stood unmoved and proud,
Nor love, nor wrath his spirit bowed—
He bared his brow to every blast,
And scorned the tempest as it passed.

One day a tiny, humble seed,
The quickest eye would hardly heed
Fell trembling at that stern rock's base,
And found a lowly hiding-place.

A ray of light and drop of dew
Came with a message kind and true—
They told her of the world so bright,
Its love, its joy, and rosy light;

And lured her from her hiding-place,
To gaze upon earth's glorious face;
So peeping, timid, from the ground,
She clasped the ancient rock around;

And climbing up with childish grace
 She held him with a close embrace —
 Her clinging was a thing of dread,
 Where'er she touched a fissure spread;

And he who'd breasted many a storm,
 Stood frowning there, a mangled form;
 So truth, dropped in the silent earth,
 May seem a thing of little worth —
 Till, spreading 'round some mighty wrong,
 It saps its pillars proud and strong.

I CAN TRUST.

DANIEL WEBSTER DAVIS.

I can not see why trials come,
 And sorrows follow thick and fast;
 I can not fathom His designs,
 Nor why my pleasures can not last,
 Nor why my hopes so soon are dust;
 But I can trust.

When darkest clouds my sky o'erhang,
 And sadness seems to fill the land,
 I calmly trust his promise sweet,
 And cling to his ne'er-failing hand,
 And in life's darkest hour I'll just
 Look up and trust.

I know my life with him is safe,
 And all things still must work for
 good
 To those who love and serve our God,
 And lean on him as children should.
 Though hopes decay and turn to dust,
 I still will trust.



Memorial Day.

"Done are the toils, and the wearisome marches,
Done is the summons of Bugle and Drum;
Softly and sweetly the sky overarches,
Sheltering a land where rebellion is dumb."

Once again a Divine Providence has wrought from the chaos of nature the wonderful miracle of a blossom-laden world. So from the horrors of a bitter fraternal war has burst into bloom the beautiful custom in conformity to which Grand Army Posts of the Republic will, on Saturday, May 30, 1903, decorate the soldiers' graves in the various cemeteries of the nation before this issue of the magazine reaches our readers.

As a race we love and revere the Grand Army of the Republic; it is the only organization in America that is founded upon the God-given principles of "Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty," without regard to "race, color, creed, or previous condition." Only those within the circle know the good done for members of our race by this organization. They have won our eternal gratitude. Long may it be before the last veteran passes from our midst.

"Sound the bugle and the fife,
Spread the starry banner out,
For they who went from home and life,
Shirked duty not, nor had a doubt;
For them, till time's last ebbing day,
Bestow the bloom and green of May."

THE NEGRO IN THE NAVY.

NICHOLAS H. CAMPBELL, U. S. NAVY.

Since the future welfare of the United States and her newly-acquired possessions depends largely, if not entirely, upon the ability of her navy to protect her, it is well for us to know something

least fifty per cent of the relatives of these toilers of the sea are unaware of their whereabouts, and though they may be cast upon an iceberg within the realm of the dreaded frost king, or become the



A GUNNER'S MATE AND HIS PET.

of the colored men who devote their lives to that service.

Less is written, and therefore less known, of the Negro in the navy than in any other department of the government. It is a most unfortunate and regrettable fact that of all races, the colored Americans are least interested in the man-of-war's men of their race. At

victims of a ferocious Indian Ocean typhoon, or even have drifted to their graves in the haunted depths of the dark Pacific, the world's knowledge of them remains limited to the fact that "they are in the navy."

The position of a man-o'-war's man is peculiar, and his surroundings unique. Peculiar, because no other position

places him in so close contact with other races of conspicuous diversity. His surroundings are unique because they afford him the opportunity of studying the relations existing between himself and representatives of almost every other race on whom the round sun simmers, from the pea-eyed Chinaman of Hong

In the Spanish-American war the Negro was given an opportunity to display his bravery in modern warfare on the high seas, which he improved; and to his credit be it said he proved himself worthy of the nation's trust. When the bugle sounded the dread call "Commence firing!" on the memorable morn-



A LITTLE AMUSEMENT FOR THE CREW.

Kong to the detestable "cracker" of Louisiana. We must not let this portion of our race drift into oblivion; let us not forget that the black sailor has contributed largely, in the past, to the history of our country in the valiant deeds of the navy, and he is still adding lustre to our fame. No illustration of this fact is more appropriate than his career during the past five years.

ing of May 1, 1898, in Manila Bay, where the most decisive battle of modern times was fought, who bravely faced the flames of Hades? When the floating forts lined up before Santiago, either to give or take life for the honor of a nation and the uplifting of an abused people, who displayed the heroism so characteristic of a struggling race? Who perished with the ill-fated "Maine"?

Though too sublime to occupy space in the white man's history, the answer is enshrined in the holy of holies of the black man's heart.

The courage and endurance of that black man who braved the perils of the Arctic regions with the famous Perry expedition, cannot be too highly estimated. Indeed, it would require many

ent branches of the service where education and skill are required, would prevent the white sailor having the advantage. In many ways the colored man is the unfortunate victim of circumstances. Sea and shore are alike in this particular for the representatives of our race. Filled with true patriotism for the country and the flag, he is a



A GROUP OF THE COLORED BOYS OF THE U. S. S. "CULGOA."

volumes to relate incidents in which our black sailors have figured as heroes.

The majority of the colored men in the navy are servants—cooks, stewards, attendants, firemen and coal-passers, gunners' mates, machinists, oilers, etc. This majority, however, are servants, not because they are better adapted for that sort of work, but because—were merit and not color the test—too many aspirants for higher rates in the differ-

ent branches of the service where education and skill are required, would prevent the white sailor having the advantage. After a careful study of the Negro sailor, I am convinced that he is capable of enduring hardships and overcoming obstacles that would drive a Caucasian to despair.

The scant knowledge which the outside world has of the colored American blue-jacket is not always favorable, yet

he has many staunch friends. He comes in contact with the prejudiced and the unprejudiced, is undisturbed by the hatred and malice of the one and encouraged by the friendship of the other; at all times he sustains an unswerving loyalty to the flag.

Strange as it may seem, he dines with the descendants of the human reptiles

men from all parts of the world. In many cases, however, the "crackers" are in the majority, and even with the rigid rules and iron laws of navy discipline, they are incapable of concealing their hatred and prejudice against the Negro. In the latter part of 1902, the crew of the receiving ship "Columbia" was an example of this. For the first time in



MR. M. WATT, DOMINICA, B. W. I.

A successful steward, U. S. N.

who owned his ancestors, and the descendants of those who helped to free them. In the execution of his duty, he converses with every man aboard the ship, from the one with four stripes and more to the one who scrubs the deck on which he walks.

The crews of ships differ wonderfully; as a general thing they are made up of

his naval life the writer saw colored sailors seated at a separate table in the service. Now and then one might hear some apology for a man talking of "niggers;" at length the contemptuous feelings of the "crackers" for Negroes, rose to such a pitch, that they decided to square matters in a fistic encounter with the blacks; and notwithstanding the

fact that they stood more than twenty-five to one against us, they found us eager for the fray; after we had convinced them that they were not "the whole show," they retired in confusion to think over the situation in the calm light of bitter experience. This unpleasant incident occurring on a receiving ship and in New York, was most

superiority would be arrant foolishness.

The lack of social equality among a crew is regarded by the Negro—who has not the least desire for it—as an aftermath of past conditions, and the fact occupies not a minute of time in his mind, since he knows full well that as soon as he leaves this "Land of the free and home of the lynchers," as some one



MR. WAINWRIGHT,

Captain of the U. S. S. "Kearsarge" crack team.

pernicious in its effect upon the future conduct of the new recruits.

Curiously enough many of the whites prefer to spend their leisure time in the company of their colored shipmates. And why not? They know full well that they are not superior to their dark-skinned messmates in any respect, and realize that to labor under a delusion of

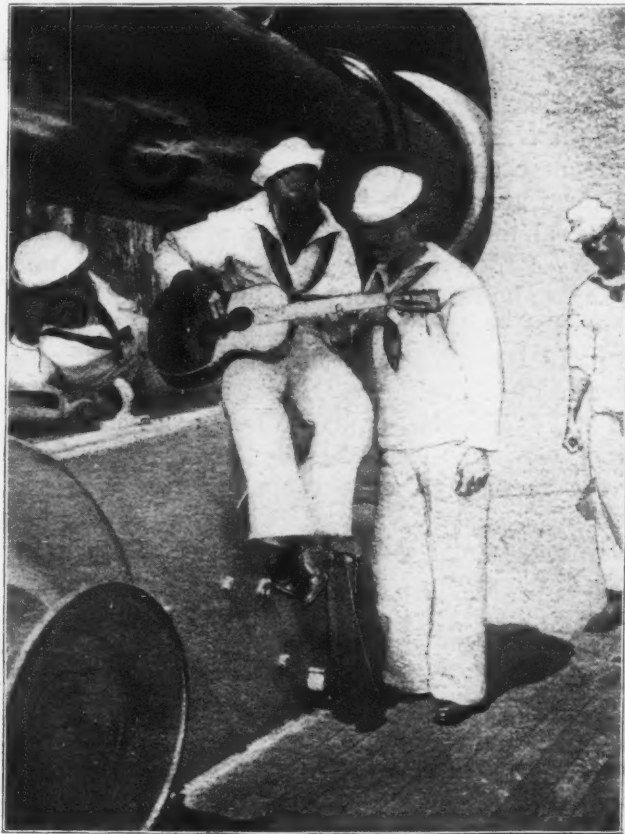
has correctly called it, he will receive the same respect that is accorded his egotistical white shipmate.

Visitors to different ships have departed with entirely different ideas of the relations existing between the two races. Some have had the pleasure of seeing them affiliating happily without a trace of prejudice being perceptible; they

were jolly good shipmates, ready to risk their lives for each other, should occasion arise. Others, unfortunately, have viewed the dark side of the picture.

The chance of advancement for the colored sailor is very poor. His promotion to higher rates depends entirely upon the recommendation of officers, through whose veins, in most cases, runs

spring of life the blood of a wronged race flows hot in our veins and sometimes it fairly boils with indignation. By arduous toil and effort impossible to be ignored, a few representatives of our race have obtained fair positions in the navy; but there are a number of capable colored men whose race alone prevents their recognition. The writer has in



TRYING A NEW SONG UNDER THE BIG 13-INCH GUN.

the poisonous blood of Negrophobia, with a baleful effect unimaginable. While the navy professes impartiality, and is supposed to promote a man solely upon his merits, yet the opposite is the truth.

The colored sailor is not in a position where he can resent the disrespectful criticisms on his race frequently uttered by officers in his presence; but in the

mind a competent young man who entered the service as an attendant for \$16 per month. By strict attention to duty he worked his way up to Admiral's steward, which pays \$60 per month. While in this position he married. It came to pass that one day the Admiral happened not to be in the best of humor, and to give vent to his feelings, he degraded his faithful servant, who had been doing

the work of four men; back he went to the paltry sum of \$16 per month, with a wife and child to support. The young man is still in the navy, as loyal and patriotic as ever. Space is too precious to relate more of the heartless deeds of men who take advantage of their positions to vent their spleen upon their helpless subordinates. There are some good officers; men whose impartiality and goodwill toward every one, regardless of color, demand our respect; but to find them is the old tale of hunting the needle in the hay-stack.

Other obstacles in the Negro's path of progress are the Japanese and Chinese servants. Most of them are unclean in their habits, but conceal this fact with Oriental duplicity. As soon as they have acquired a slight knowledge of English, they receive the preference in advancement; yet more is expected of the colored man than of these foreigners. He must be polite and submissive, and a dozen other things, while the lack of these qualities in the scum of foreign dens is overlooked.

But there is a darker side still to the story. The Negroes in the navy may be divided into two classes, one of which is unquestionably a drawback to the other. Indeed, the existing conditions may be likened to a tug-of-war with one class of colored men and the prejudiced whites against the other class of colored men and the unprejudiced whites. The larger class of Negroes is composed of those who enlist to escape the responsibilities of civilian life, and who, upon discovering that service is a bit strenuous, drift back into their customary state of careless negligence. This class of colored people make a more lasting impression upon the Caucasian, especially the "cracker," than do any other class, partly because it is a source of delight to them to note degeneracy in our people, and partly because they see more of the degenerates,

and it tickles their self-esteem to delude themselves with the thought of their own superiority. Indeed, one of the most glaring faults of the naval officer is the habit he has acquired of judging a man by the color of his skin rather than by his moral qualities. To them a Negro genius is the most astonishing thing under the sun.

Colored sailors who lack ambition and energy can be benefited in one way only by entering the navy,—by learning that the man who fears responsibility and good citizenship is not only a stumbling-block in his own pathway, but an object of dislike and contempt to the on-looking world. On the other hand, there are numbers of colored men in the service whose good breeding and intelligence are far above that of their white shipmates, and it is needless to say that a good many positions held by the whites, whose education has been sadly neglected, could be promptly filled by the superior Negro on board ship.

There are many West Indians in the service of Uncle Sam; like all other men, they have their good traits and their bad ones. While some are energetic and ambitious, many are drawbacks. They are generally conspicuously submissive and respectful to Caucasians.

While the road leading to success is paved with many disappointments and humiliations for the colored sailor, he still remains the happy optimist, enduring all things, believing all things ordered for the best. In the fire-room or on the fore-castle he lightens the burden of duty by his ready wit and good humor, yet giving always the most studious attention to duty; and the manner in which he executes all orders entrusted to his care is wonderfully impressive to a thoughtful mind. Off duty, he allows no one to suffer from the blues. He plunges his listen-

ers into spasms of laughter by the comical telling of one of his thrice-told yarns for which Jack Tar is noted.

There are, of course, many who could not do as well ashore as they can afloat, but the conclusions reached by the writer after serving on training, receiving, supply and battle ships, is that the navy is no place for the ambitious colored youth of to-day. He pants to achieve, to rise, but finds "the door of hope, of opportunity" is barred against him in the service. It is an unwritten law that the honors of the naval academy shall not be bestowed upon a black

man, although the anarchistic immigrant, the very scum of darkest Europe is welcomed, and the choicest honors are heaped upon him by Uncle Sam.

We are often asked why the percentage of Negro deserters is so small. To this there is but one answer—he places a high value upon his citizenship.

While the love of country and the joy of the sea are most attractive to any man, let us hope that the future will offer better opportunities and a more just recognition of the Negro's valuable services.



D. AUGUSTUS STRAKER, LL. D.

NO NEGRO PROBLEM.

D. AUGUSTUS STRAKER, LL.D.

It is first to be observed that this topic, which has become so prominent of late, as to call forth such a variety and difference of opinion throughout

the country, arose, Sphinx-like, out of the events of Dr. Booker T. Washington having been invited to dine with President Roosevelt, and the presi-

dent's nomination of Dr. Crum to the Charleston collectorship of customs, with the Indianola postmaster episode as a background. This hydra-headed political monster so scared the southern white politician of democratic stripe as to cause him to awake anew to the solution of the "negro problem." And never did the fabled sphinx propose more difficult riddles for solution than is given by those who seek to solve the difficult negro problem.

Some say one thing and some say another, about how the solution is to be effected, but all seem to agree that it is a problem. I say there is no negro problem; but a race prejudice which exists against the negro in the judgment of a large portion of the white race in the United States, seemingly ineradicable. Now, this is no problem. A problem is something difficult to understand or to perform. After a period, co-eval with the settlement of the forefathers of the country at Plymouth Rock, in Jamestown, the negro in this country ought not to be difficult to understand. The growth and development of our country is an incomplete historical fact without the negro as a part, and yet to-day we find men not capable, they say, to understand how he should be treated. Some say he is inferior as a race of people, and yet not one has ever dared to prove the assertion, save along the line of buffoonery such as having a long heel and a flat nose, and a retreating forehead. Is this satisfactory to the unbiased judgment of a candid questioner? Have not other races distinguishing marks, who are even below the negro in intellectuality and morals? Others say he is ignorant and unfitted to exercise the functions of civilized government with the Caucasian. And still others say that he has shown no improvement since his emancipation from slavery. Among these it is said that Secretary Root, in a recent speech, charges that

"at the close of the war the great question was, what shall we do with the poor black. The answer was, give him citizenship, give him suffrage, give him equal rights and he will rise. I fear we are compelled to face the conclusion that the experiment has failed." Senator Cullom, of Illinois, says: "It was a mistake to give the negro the suffrage." Senator Edward Carmack says: "The race is so little removed from barbarism that its improvement is too slow for observation." These views may be multiplied.

Now I ask the question, is all this true, and if so, where is the proof? The disproof is as follows: The negro, since his emancipation from slavery, has reduced his illiteracy through the aid of Northern assistance in his education, 45 per cent. in less than a half century. In industry, despite all the well-known obstacles and opposition shown him, he owns, free of incumbrances, \$2,000,000 worth of real estate in the South, and pays taxes on the same. In mortgage property his percentage in the United States is 10.71, while the percentage for the whole country is 38.97. In 1890 there were 12,690,152 homes and farms in the United States. Of these, 1,186,174 were occupied by pure blacks, and 22,595 by mulattoes. The colored churches in the United States owned by negroes are more in value than \$26,000,000. And all this practically within 35 years.

Twenty-five years' accumulations of the negro show: In Alabama, \$9,200,125; Arkansas, \$8,010,315; Florida, \$7,900,400; Georgia, \$10,415,330; Kentucky, \$5,900,010; Louisiana, \$18,100,528; Mississippi, \$13,400,213; Missouri, \$6,600,343; North Carolina, \$11,010,652; South Carolina, \$12,500,000; Texas, \$18,010,545; Tennessee, \$10,400,211; Virginia, \$4,900,000. These figures, if not exact, are below the actual facts. Shall all this sum of money be carried

out of this country by the emigrationists to Africa, so as to solve the negro problem?

In education, the negro has among them 27,000 school teachers, 1,000 lawyers and 800 doctors. A large number of schools and colleges which, although due allowance must be made for the assistance given by charitable white persons and organizations, yet show progress in the negro far removed from barbarism, which progress, if Mr. Carmack cannot see, he must be purblind or maliciously a falsifier. It is to be observed that Senator Tillman does not charge that the negro does not progress. His fear is that he is progressing too rapidly, hence his brutal honesty when he says, "What we have done in South Carolina is for self-protection." In the face of the facts as I have stated them, what is the fear entertained toward the negro, so as to cause a crusade of injustice toward him, and to resolve to solve the so-called problem? In the face of these facts what is there difficult of apprehension concerning his future? But I am reminded that the great problem is the political situation. The exercise of the suffrage. The indictment made against the negro is that he is an ignorant voter. I reply, and so are thousands of white voters in the South and North whose privilege to vote is not denied him by constitutional chicanery and fraud—do not both hazard good government alike? "But he is not only an ignorant voter; but he is corrupt." So was Tweed, of New York, and his followers, but the problem there was not solved by denying the suffrage to a single voter. Not a negro in office has ever been found a defaulter during the period he exercised the suffrage in the South, not a negro was charged with bribery, not a general selling of his vote was ever found against him. If the South was deluged in debt, he knew not how to draw a bond nor

clip a coupon. Who taught him, then, how to be corrupt? Is he there to be most feared in the exercise of his suffrage? Negro suffrage is not a failure, Mr. Root, but carpetbag government was a total failure.

That there are many ignorant negro voters in the South unfit to exercise the suffrage cannot be denied, but there are also many white voters in the same condition. Is the shotgun, the tissue ballot, the Kuklux clans and unjust legislation the true remedy? Will not education, just dealing and a helping hand solve the situation, as it has done with others in other times and places? Let public opinion as directed by the church and press and by such noble and courageous men as President Roosevelt by words and deeds solve the condition. It is no problem. It is sheer race prejudice, unfounded and unsupported.

I have stated that there was no negro problem, but race prejudice which confronted us in settling the relation between the black and white race. I assume that I have shown that in the progress of the colored race in education, morals and material advancement, that even though there had been a problem concerning the future of the negro, he is himself, assisted by his white friends, solving that problem so rapidly that it becomes no longer a problem, but a patient waiting for the result. Now what is there then that continues such unpleasant relationship between the two races? Is it a misunderstanding which always produces diversity of opinion and often strife, or is it a denial of human reason in application of uncontroverted facts, which is sheer prejudice? All people have, in all times, and even among the same race, had their prejudices which separated them in tribes, classes, and neighbors, and the prejudices have always been traceable to some substantial reason for their existence. It

marked the difference between the two or more divisions, in their religion, their habits, their language, commerce or culture, and this distinction existed from the origin of the two or more peoples, never converging or changing. Progress in neither destroyed the difference. The Jew had no dealing with the Samaritan, the Brahmin with the Buddhist. So that with such people all intercourse was unpracticed. They worshipped different gods, spoke different languages, had different customs, and to cross the line was deemed a sin. There was nothing in common, save flesh and blood. Such was a prejudice with a reason, if not good, at least sufficient for the patron. A Brahmin would not trade with a Buddhist, nor make his clothes, nor employ him as a servant, nor sell him land, nor read his books, nor swear by his oath, nor be governed by his laws, and above all, have no domestic relation with him, and with the Jew it was even sinful to speak to the Samaritan on the highway, or even give him a cup of water, or raise him up when fallen by the wayside. Such prejudice, however baneful, was at least consistent and entitled its holder to respectful consideration in his belief. But how is it with American prejudice towards the negro? It is neither well founded nor consistent, but a defiance of sound reason, and a slave to human passion. Is it just or reasonable to discriminate against the negro because he was once in bondage as a slave? If so, history has given reason for like discrimination among the white race itself. Is it because of race? Then where is the line to be drawn with the Chinese, the Indian, and the Arabian? Is it because of color? Where will you begin or end in his variety of shades of color, ranging from the ebony black to the octo-noon? Is it because he is ignorant? Why not suit your prejudice to his changed and improved condition? Is

he poor? Then why deny him labor and pay him less wages, when each will change his condition and should remove your prejudice? Is he unpatriotic?

Let Bunker Hill, Lexington, the war of 1812, the civil war and San Juan answer. Is contact with him unsatisfactory, and unpleasant? Why then let him enter your homes as domestic, sit by your side as your coachman, nurse your darling little one, minister to your wants when sick? Why not die on the battlefield alone, instead of soliciting his assistance in sharing death with you? Is he thriftless, and won't work? Why then pass laws against his being induced to leave your cotton plantations? Is he uneducated? Why then burn down his schoolhouses, and oppress his teachers when he seeks education? Is he unfit for citizenship and for government? Why not govern well and justly with yourselves, and teach him by nobler methods than the shotgun, ballot box stuffing, lynching and Kuklux clans? Does he not seek opportunity to progress and improve? Why then deny him entrance into your fraternal organizations, your business unions; refuse to employ him, strike when he is employed in the same labor with you, patronize your own race almost exclusively in business, refuse to receive him behind the counter, trick him out of sitting in the jury box, and ostracize the professional men and women of his race? These are the things which constitute the so-called negro problem; are they not rather the constituents of race prejudice than race problem? What is the remedy? Time only will heal the wound. Let the negro alone; stop lynching him and educate him, or assist him in educating himself, make him fit for citizenship, if unfit; instead of destroying his citizenship, curtail his suffrage if you will but do it on an equal basis with all in like condition. If you do not these things, stop prating about your patrio-

tism and love of country. You are its worst enemy. Some advocate fighting. Why should we fight? This is our country, in common with our fellow white citizen, and we love it, have fought for it, and will die for it. It is the best country on earth, even for the negro. The hand of God is daily seen solving the problem, as it is called. Let us be up and doing, with a heart for any fate. American prejudice cannot last long, because it is unsubstantial, unfounded, unreasonable, and inconsistent. It must die. It is dying—hear the voices. Archbishop Ireland in Chicago on Lincoln's day, said (and it cannot be too often repeated) in part:

"The republic is what she is because she has vitally remained what Washington intended her to be, what Lincoln bade her to be, a government of the people, by the people, for the people. This is what she must remain if she is still to live and reign. The vital principles of democracy must animate her. Every man under her flag must be equal before the law in civil and political rights; it matters not what his place of birth, what his religious creed, what the color of his face; if he is an American citizen, the favors of the land must flow upon him.

"And while we proclaim that no harm, no dishonor, shall come to the republic from outside the fold, let us guard her well from enemies within her own bosom; and see to it that we ourselves be not, unconsciously perhaps, among such enemies, weakening by false doctrines or perilous practice the current of her life blood, rendering her less strong, less holy, less American."

Bishop Ireland's remarks were echoed in New York by the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of the Plymouth church, Beecher's old church, in Brooklyn. Dr. Hillis offered up this most remarkable prayer in connection with Lincoln:

"O Lord, we pray to be saved from this new and damnable heresy that this is a white man's country, and that there is no place here for the black man. We ask thee, O Lord, to raise up some widow's son, who is now at his mother's knee, to the task of saving the black slave; not from the shackles of iron, but from the shackles of prejudice; save the black race from hatred; save the white man from supercilious contempt; save the white man from his degradation and lift him up until he can learn to love his fellow man, made in God's image."

Again, in his sermon at the Madison Square Presbyterian church last Sunday, the Rev. Dr. C. H. Parkhurst touched on the brotherhood of man.

The conception of brotherhood, he said, must be preceded by a vivid sense that every individual man is the son of God. He added that our special problem of the day in America would be solved when every white man has a realizing sense not only that he is a son of God, but that every black man is equally a son of God, just as much so as if there were a black member of the Trinity.

My attention is drawn to the remarkable utterances of Dr. Paul B. Barringer, president of the university. If before I doubted I was right, that race prejudice was the true cause of the strained relationship between the two races, now I am convinced, and so must every candid reader of Dr. Barringer's sentiments. Some of the inconsistencies of the race prejudice acknowledged by Dr. Barringer to exist are as follows:

"There was never before on the face of the earth a people more law-abiding, patient, or long-suffering in the face of great temptation than our white yeomanry of the South. Living beside an alien race which they know to have been the cause of their poverty, which they recognize as having corrupted their manners, their morals, and their speech,

and which, above any other race, degrades labor, they spare him." In common parlance "Holy Moses!" The Southern people a "law-abiding people," and the negro "having corrupted their morals, manners and speech." What next to support a weak cause? "We have just seen the first great labor strike in the South. For months 4,000 white mill hands stood out against their employers. These mills could have been filled at any time with cheaper negro labor, but it was not done." Now does not every honest man know this to be false? Had the employers in these mills sought negro labor, how long would it have been before a massacre of the negroes would have taken place? "When we have given him a morality which will save him from degeneracy, and the hand training which will make him an even respectable servant or laborer, then, and not till then, may we think of the technique of the higher industries." What kind of morality does Dr. Baringer offer or has been given the negro to save him from degeneracy? Will the shotgun do this? Will lynching him do it? No, but mark the degree of morality assumed for the negro, "the hand training that will make him a respectable servant." Is this the reason that Booker T. Washington is canonized as a negro prophet of the future needs of the negro? We do not believe Dr. Washington so intends his labors; but they are so construed by the South and many in the North.

But there is no falsehood which has not for its alloy some grain of truth. "An education that makes leaders at the expense of the led is a failure. Every negro doctor, negro lawyer, negro teacher, or other 'leader' in excess of the immediate needs of his own people is an anti-social product, a social menace. Neither in the north, the south, the east, nor the west, can such a professional man make a living at his calling through

white patronage; and to give him the ambition and the capacity, and then to blast his opportunity through caste prejudice and racial instinct is to commit a crime against nature."

This is true. But who creates the condition of inadequate needs? Do not those who deny the negro equal opportunity in the industries of life? Surely this is a crime. "When a race is in such a condition that every paper issued by its educated class carries advertisements of nostrums openly claiming to produce such changes in hair and skin as will make the black man less a black, what are we to think?" This is true, and in a measure to our shame. But who has taught the negro that "kinky" hair is a badge of inferiority? Has not the white man shunned him for this and other reasons? Alas, we are the heirs of much of the evil assigned to us as an inferior race without ever tracing the source of our inheritance.

But after all, I have an abiding faith in the ultimate justice of the whole American people toward the negro.

As a sequence to what I have heretofore written, stating that there is no negro problem, but race prejudice which produces the strained relationship between the two races, black and white, in this country, I will now seek to show that the principal cause of race prejudice is the negro in politics. It is the only answer to the question why or wherefore this strenuous opposition to the negro, which does not abate by time nor improved conditions.

The colored citizen in politics is considered by the South as a political factor as foreign to the elements of government. He is considered either an alien, an outlaw, or an outcast in politics; hence the frequent suggestion by those who would otherwise be friendly to him, "Keep out of politics." Is this sound or just advice, or is it an expedi-

ency at the sacrifice of a fundamental principle of just government? This advice is not to be wholly disregarded and counted for prejudice, but investigated. Let us see.

The Negro in the United States entered politics upon the enactment of the 14th and 15th amendments to the federal constitution, which clothed him with citizenship and protected his rights thereunder. One of these rights was the right to vote, otherwise called suffrage.

The southern states were those chiefly to be affected by this power. It is said that the conferring of the exercise of the ballot upon the negro upon the threshold of his emancipation from bondage, and in his ignorant and helpless condition, was a mistake of the republican party then in power, and in effect, a crime upon the south. This charge is untenable, and is made only as an excuse or apology for wrongs political and otherwise done the negro. The new condition upon reconstruction commenced in 1868, demanded that the ballot be given the negro for his protection, and until taken away from him, it protected him from all the wrongs done him since taken away. The contrast is significant. How else were the rights conferred to be protected? The ex-slave holder would have nothing to do with the new condition, save to oppose and thwart it at every step. He did not believe then, no more than he does now, that the negro is entitled to citizenship and its privileges and chiefly that of suffrage. It was not hate to the negro, but a belief in his inferiority as a race, resting upon centuries of servitude. This was the south's bete noir, and has kept it frightened to its damage socially, commercially and industrially. None so blind as those who will not see. Is it to be supposed that the upholders of slavery and the belief of the negro's inferiority could be safely given

the ballot without some check or balance against their prejudices? Would not this be sending the lamb to the wolf for nursing? Did the republican party then, make a mistake? The candid and just reader must say no.

The reconstruction acts in the shape of the constitutions of the several states after the rebellion placed the negro on an equal political plane with the white citizen, or, as Senator Sumner of Massachusetts describes the new condition as "tabula rasa," a black vote was equal to a white vote, and here is the rub. The fundamental principle of the consent of the governed was repudiated by the old south and the new south. How to destroy this principle was the immediate work of the southern democracy, and has continued to the present day.

The north, recognizing the evil consequences of a majority of ignorant voters in the electorate began the work of educating the blacks, not by the way of amended constitutions designed to totally disfranchise them, but by schools and the building of school houses. How much is the negro voter improved by disfranchising him, because his grandfather could not vote, read or write? How did the south meet the north's effort to uplift the suffrage of the blacks, which by law could not be denied, and by intrigue, artifice and fraud should not be denied? Why, they burned school houses, oppressed and ostracised white northern teachers of the blacks. Then, finding the north nothing daunted, began a nefarious system of ballot-box stuffing, Kuklux klans, lynching and burning of the negro, and other methods of nullifying the negro vote. Their aim was to destroy the vote, and not improve the voter, not to co-operate with the negro in politics, but drive him out of politics, and then say the negro vote in the south is "a menace."

The negro in politics is not quite as black a sheep as painted. He entered

politics poor, he came out poor. Not a political millionaire is to be found among the race. He entered ignorant, he is now much wiser, and sometimes by sad experience. He doubtless often voted wrong and against the best interests of the state, but he enacted laws which are not yet repealed, save as they have been amended or added to for the purpose of disfranchising the negro. This is seen in the revised constitutions of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and North Carolina. The negro officeholder in the south has been mostly of federal appointment. This of late has been strenuously objected to by the white native of the south, which makes up the democratic party of the south. Why? No just reason can be given. The negro has greater claim to office to-day than when he first entered politics, and the south accepted him with only a grunt. He is to-day more intelligent, and a taxpayer. The new south is a spoiled child in this respect, and northern sentiment is responsible. From the time President Grant, upon representation made to him of negro failure in politics, uttered the fatal word, "unload" until to-day, the south with its siren voice in politics has misrepresented both the negro and the republican party in politics. It is said the negro of the south must be kept out of politics. Why? Senator Tillman answers, to maintain and preserve supremacy. Can't the white man maintain his supremacy through his intelligence, rather than his shotgun?

I admit under so-called negro regime in the south political wrongs were committed. Is not the same true in the north, east and west? And who caused the ignorant or political venal negro to debauch the ballot, to burden the state with taxation of unjust proportion? It was done by that same black hypocrisy that now calls itself "Lilly Whiteism," which, failing to hoodwink President Roosevelt, now turns and rends him by

opposing his renomination for the presidency. Why? Because he refuses to say that the negro citizen has no right to office—no right to the ballot, but claims that the door of hope should not be shut against the negro because of color. Eliminate the Lily Whites from the south, and you cut down that Upas tree which blights the negro, and the native southern white man and prevents them living harmoniously together.

Eliminate the negro from politics, and you must reduce southern representation in congress. Eliminate him if you choose, but he will return, as does the tree whose roots are left in the ground, spring again. The negro will return in politics, educated and fitted by his own diligence and industry, and not through the grandfather clause in the revised constitutions of the south. Taxation without representation is as much tyranny in the time of Booker T. Washington as it was in the day of George Washington. If the negro would stay in politics he must prepare for the struggle. How? I candidly believe by first preparing in the south to maintain office before seeking it. How? By getting education and property by diligence and not by fawning, by labor and not by pity, by the rewards of virtue and not as hewers of wood and drawers of water as a fate or destiny, by manhood and mutual confidence.

The virus in the idea of eliminating the negro from politics, is to be found in the oft-repeated declaration, "This is a white man's country." This in possession and intelligence is measurably true; but as a right this is better expressed by Rev. Nehemiah Boynton of Detroit in his address at the Spanish-American Veteran's memorial recently. He said, "This is not a white man's country alone but every man's country who is a citizen, is just, loyal and patriotic." The occasion was most appropriate.

The negro in politics may be charge-

able with many things, but never with that worst of all political heresies, the election of Tillman to the United States senate. Tillman had to first eliminate the negro from politics before he could be elected senator. He would keep him so for self-protection at the cost

of the negro's destruction. Don't you see?

The negro cannot be eliminated from politics, and a government of the people, by the people and for the people maintained, however expedient as some think it may be to do so.

POEM.

[The following Ode was written by Hilary Teague, a senator of the Liberian Republic, in 1843. It embraces a beautiful exposition of the history, trials, exertions and aspirations of the Liberian colonists. Mr. Teague was the son of a Virginia slave, and was taken to Liberia when very young, where he received his education. He made rapid advances in learning, overcoming the difficulties of several languages, ancient and modern.] — ED.

[From the *Liberia Herald*.]

Land of the mighty Dead!
Here Science once display'd,
And Art, their charms;
Here awful Pharaohs sway'd
Great nations who obey'd;
Here distant monarchs laid
Their vanquish'd arms.

They hold us in survey—
They cheer us on our way—
They loud proclaim,
From pyramidal hall,—
From Carnac's sculptur'd wall—
From Thebes they loudly call—
"Retake your fame!"

"All hail Liberia! Hail!
Arise and now prevail
O'er all thy foes;
In truth and righteousness —
In all the arts of peace—
Advance, and still increase,
Though hosts oppose."

At the loud call we rise
And press towards the prize,
In glory's race;
All redolent of fame,
The land to which we came,
We'll breathe the inspiring flame,
And onward press.

Here Liberty shall dwell,
Here Justice shall prevail;
Religion here;
To this, fair Virtue's dome
Meek Innocence may come,
And find a peaceful home,
And know no fear.

Oppression's cursed yoke,
By freemen shall be broke—
In dust be laid;
The soul erect and free,
Here evermore shall be;
To none we'll bend the knee
But Nature's God.

Proud Science here shall rear
Her monuments, to bear
With deathless tongue;
By nations yet unborn
Her glories shall be known,
And Art her tribute join,
The praise prolong.

Commerce shall lift her head,
Th' auspicious gales shall spread
Expanded wing;
From India's spicy land,
From Europe's rock-bound strand,
From Peru's golden strand
Her tribute bring.

Oh Lord! we look to Thee—
To Thee for help we flee,
Lord, hear our prayer!
In righteousness arise,
Scatter our enemies,
Their hellish plots surprise
And drive them far!

O happy people they,
Who Israel's God obey,
Whose Lord is God;
They shall be blest indeed,
From anxious cares be freed,
And for them is decreed
A large reward.

OF ONE BLOOD.*

OR, THE HIDDEN SELF.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. TO XII.

Reuel Briggs, a young medical student, interested in mysticism, sees a face that haunts him. He attends a concert with his friend Aubrey Livingston, and there discovers in a negro concert-singer the owner of the mysterious face. He sees this woman again on Hallow Eve while playing at charms with a party of young people at Vance Hall, the home of Livingston's betrothed. Early the next morning he is called to attend the victims of a railroad disaster at the hospital. He finds among them the girl whose face haunts him, in a cataleptic sleep which the doctors call death. He succeeds in restoring her to consciousness, but with a complete loss of memory. She loses her identity as a negress. Reuel falls deeply in love with her. He finally restores her to health and determines to marry her, but finds his circumstances too straitened. Aubrey Livingston helps him out by offering to obtain for him a place in an expedition about to explore the ancient city of Meroe in Africa. Reuel accepts, but marries Dianthe before going on a two years' venture. After his departure Dianthe finds that Livingston is in love with her, and he acquires a power over her that she cannot resist. She agrees to fly with him against her will; but before the time set, they, with Molly Vance, go out canoeing and are overturned in the river, and all three are supposed to have been drowned.

The expedition reaches Africa. In crossing the Great Desert Reuel Briggs visits old ruins and is rescued from a leopard's claws by Vance. They are suspicious of Jim Titus, who pretended not to hear Briggs' calls for help. They receive no letters from home after leaving England, and one night, by clairvoyant aid, Reuel reads a letter that Titus has received. That same night, by mediumistic power, Briggs describes the overturning of the boat containing Molly, Dianthe and Aubrey, on the Charles River months before. The caravan reaches Meroe, and letters reveal the death of Dianthe and Molly. Reuel is sick for some weeks, and when he returns to health finds the expedition about to give up its search for treasure and return home. Wanders out one night while the camp is asleep and goes to the last pyramid. While exploring it he becomes unconscious.

From profound unconsciousness, deep, merciful, oblivious to pain and the flight of time, from the gulf of the mysterious shadows wherein earth and heaven are alike forgotten, Reuel awoke at the close of the fourth day after his entrance into the Great Pyramid. That Lethean calm induced by narcotic odors, saved his reason. Great pain, whether physical or mental, cannot last long, and human anguish must find relief or take it.

A soft murmur of voices was in his ears as he languidly unclosed his eyes and gazed into the faces of a number of men grouped about the couch on which

he lay, who surveyed him with looks of respectful admiration and curiosity mingled with awe. One of the group appeared to be in authority, for the others listened to him with profound respect as they conversed in low tones, and were careful not to obtrude their opinions.

Gradually his senses returned to him, and Reuel could distinguish his surroundings. He gazed about him in amazement. Gone were all evidences of ruin and decay, and in their place was bewildering beauty that filled him with dazzling awe. He reclined on a couch composed of silken cushions, in a room of vast dimensions, formed of fluted columns of pure white marble upholding a domed ceiling where the light poured in through rose-colored glass in soft prismatic shades which gave a touch of fairyland to the scene.

The men beside him were strangers, and more unreal than the vast chamber. Dark-visaged, he noticed that they ranged in complexion from a creamy tint to purest ebony; the long hair which fell upon their shoulders, varied in texture from soft, waving curls to the crispness of the most pronounced African type. But the faces into which he gazed were perfect in the cut and outline of every feature; the forms hidden by soft white drapery, Grecian in effect, were athletic and beautifully moulded. Sandals covered their feet.

The eyes of the leader followed Reuel's every movement.

"Where am I?" cried Briggs impetuously, after a hurried survey of the situation.

Immediately the leader spoke to his companions in a rich voice, commanding, but with all the benevolence of a father.

"Leave us," he said. "I would be alone with the stranger."

He spoke in ancient Arabic known only to the most profound students of philology. Instantly the room was cleared, each figure vanished behind the silken curtains hanging between the columns at one side of the room.

"How came I here?" cried Reuel again.

"Peace," replied the leader, extending his arms as if in benediction above the young man's head. "You have nothing to fear. You have been brought hither for a certain purpose which will shortly be made clear to you; you shall return to your friends if you desire so to do, after the council has investigated your case. But why, my son, did you wander at night about the dangerous passages of the pyramid? Are you, too, one of those who seek for hidden treasure?"

In years the speaker was still young, not being over forty despite his patriarchal bearing. The white robe was infinitely becoming, emphasizing breadth of shoulder and chest above the silver-clasped arm's-eye like nothing he had seen save in the sculptured figures of the ruined cities lately explored. But the most striking thing about the man was his kingly countenance, combining force, sweetness and dignity in every feature. The grace of a perfect life invested him like a royal robe. The musical language flowed from his lips in sonorous accents that charmed the scholar in his listener, who, to his own great surprise and delight, found that conversation between them could be carried on with ease. Reuel could not repress a smile as he thought of the astonishment of Professor Stone if he could hear them rolling out the ancient

Arabic tongue as a common carrier of thought. It seemed sacrilegious.

"But where am I?" he persisted, determined to locate his whereabouts.

"You are in the hidden city Telassar. In my people you will behold the direct descendants of the inhabitants of Meroe. We are but a remnant, and here we wait behind the protection of our mountains and swamps, secure from the intrusion of a world that has forgotten, for the coming of our king who shall restore to the Ethiopian race its ancient glory. I am Ai, his faithful prime minister."

Hopelessly perplexed by the words of the speaker, Reuel tried to convince himself that he was laboring under a wild hallucination; but his senses all gave evidence of the reality of his situation. Somewhere in Milton he had read lines that now came faintly across his memory:

"Eden stretched her lines
From Auran eastward to the royal
tow'rs
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian
kings,
Or where the sons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telassar.

Something of his perplexity Ai must have read in his eyes, for he smiled as he said, "Not Telassar of Eden, but so like to Eden's beauties did our ancestors find the city that thus did they call it."

"Can it be that you are an Ethiopian of those early days, now lost in obscurity? Is it possible that a remnant of that once magnificent race yet dwells upon old mother Earth? You talk of having lived at Meroe; surely, you cannot mean it. Were it true, what you have just uttered, the modern world would stand aghast."

Ai bowed his head gravely. "It is even so, incredible though it may seem to you, stranger. Destroyed and abased because of her idolatries, Ethiopia's ar-

rogance and pride have been humbled in the dust. Utter destruction has come upon Meroe the glorious, as was predicted. But there was a hope held out to the faithful worshippers of the true God that Ethiopia should stretch forth her hand unto Eternal Goodness, and that then her glory should again dazzle the world. I am of the priestly caste, and the office I hold descends from father to son, and has so done for more than six thousand years before the birth of Christ. But enough of this now; when you are fully rested and recovered from the effect of the narcotics we were forced to give you, I will talk with you, and I will also show you the wonders of our hidden city. Come with me."

Without more speech he lifted one of the curtains at the side of the room, revealing another apartment where running water in marble basins invited one to the refreshing bath. Attendants stood waiting, tall, handsome, dark-visaged, kindly, and into their hands he resigned Reuel.

Used as he was to the improvements and luxuries of life in the modern Athens, he could but acknowledge them as poor beside the combination of Oriental and ancient luxury that he now enjoyed. Was ever man more gorgeously housed than this? Overhead was the tinted glass through which the daylight fell in softened glow. In the air was the perfume and lustre of precious incense, the flash of azure and gold, the mingling of deep and delicate hues, the gorgeousness of waving plants in blossom and tall trees—palms, dates, orange, mingled with the gleaming statues that shone forth in brilliant contrast to the dark green foliage. The floor was paved with varied mosaic and dotted here and there with the skins of wild animals.

After the bath came a repast of fruit, game and wine, served him on curious golden dishes that resembled the specimens taken from ruined Pompeii. By

the time he had eaten night had fallen, and he laid himself down on the silken cushions of his couch, with a feeling of delicious languor and a desire for repose. His nerves were in a quiver of excitement and he doubted his ability to sleep, but in a few moments, even while he doubted, he fell into a deep sleep of utter exhaustion.

CHAPTER XV.

When he arose in the morning he found that his own clothing had been replaced by silken garments fashioned as were Ai's with the addition of golden clasps and belts. In place of his revolver was a jewelled dagger literally encrusted with gems.

After the bath and breakfast, Ai entered the room with his noiseless tread, and when the greetings had been said, invited him to go with him to visit the public buildings and works of Telassar. With a swift, phantomlike movement, Ai escorted his guest to the farther end of the great hall. Throwing aside a curtain of rich topaz silk which draped the large entrance doors he ushered him into another apartment opening out on a terrace with a garden at its foot—a garden where a marvellous profusion of flowers and foliage ran riot amid sparkling fountains and gleaming statuary.

Through a broad alley, lined with majestic palms, they passed to the extreme end of the terrace, and turning faced the building from which they had just issued. A smile quivered for a moment on Ai's face as he noted Reuel's ill-concealed amazement. He stood for a moment stock-still, overcome with astonishment at the size and splendor of the palace that had sheltered him over night. The building was dome-shaped and of white marble, surrounded by fluted columns, and fronted by courts where fountains dashed their spray up to the blue sky, and flowers blushed in myriad

colors and birds in gorgeous plumage flitted from bough to bough.

It appeared to Reuel that they were on the highest point of what might be best described as a horse-shoe curve whose rounded end rested on the side of a gigantic mountain. At their feet stretched a city beautiful, built with an outer and inner wall. They were in the outer city. Two streams descended like cataracts to the plain below, at some distance from each other, forming a triangle which held another city. Far in the distance like a silver thread, he could dimly discern where the rivers joined, losing themselves in union. As he gazed he recalled the description of the treasure city that Professor Stone had read to the explorers.

As far as the eye could reach stretched fertile fields; vineyards climbed the mountain side. Again Reuel quoted Milton in his thoughts, for here was the very embodiment of his words:

"Flowers of all hue, and without thorn
the rose,
Another side, umbrageous grotts and
caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling
vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently
creeps
Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring
waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in
a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle
crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their
streams.
The birds their choir apply; airs, vernal
airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove,
attune
The trembling leaves, while universal
Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in
dance,
Led on th' eternal spring.

Far below he could dimly discern moving crowds; great buildings reared their stately heads towards a sky so blue and bewildering beneath the sun's bright rays that the gazer was rendered speechless with amazement. Shadowy images of past scenes and happenings flitted across his brain like transient reflection of a past perfectly familiar to him.

"Do you find the prospect fair?" asked Ai at length, breaking the settled silence.

"Fairer than I can find words to express; and yet I am surprised to find that it all seems familiar to me, as if somewhere in the past I had known just such a city as this."

Ai smiled a smile of singular sweetness and content; Reuel could have sworn that there was a degree of satisfaction in his pleasure.

"Come, we will go down into the city. You who know the wonders of modern life at its zenith, tell me what lesson you learn from the wonders of a civilization which had its zenith six thousand years before Christ's birth."

"Six thousand years before Christ!" murmured Reuel in blank stupidity.

"Aye; here in Telassar are preserved specimens of the highest attainments the world knew in ancient days. They tell me that in many things your modern world is yet in its infancy."

"How!" cried Reuel, "do you then hold communion with the world outside your city?"

"Certain members of our Council are permitted to visit outside the gates. Do you not remember Ababdis?"

"Our camel-driver?"

Ai bowed. "He is the member who brought us news of your arrival, and the intention of the expedition to find our city for the sake of its treasure."

More and more mystified by the words and manner of his guide, Reuel made no reply. Presently they entered a waiting palanquin and were borne swiftly toward the city. The silken curtains were drawn one side, and he could

drink in the curious sights. They soon left the country behind them and entered a splendid square, where stately homes were outlined against the dense blue of the sky. A statue of an immense sphinx crouched in the center of the square, its giant head reaching far into the ethereal blue. Fountains played on either side, dashing their silvery spray beyond the extreme height of the head. Under umbrageous trees were resting-places, and on the sphinx was engraved the words: "That which hath been, is now; and that which is to be, hath already been; and God requireth that which is past."

Suddenly a crowd of men surged into the square, and a deep-toned bell sounded from a distance. Swiftly sped the bearers, urged forward by the general rush. The booming of the bell continued. They reached the end of the avenue and entered a side street, through a court composed of statues. They paused before a stately pile, towering in magnificence high in the heavens, a pile of marvellously delicate architecture worked in stone. The entrance was of incomparable magnificence. Reuel judged that the four colossal statues before it represented Rameses the Great. They were each sculptured of a single block of Syene granite of mingled red and black. They were seated on cubical stones. The four Colosses sitting there before that glittering pile produced a most imposing effect.

The steps of the temple were strewn with flowers; the doors stood open, and music from stringed instruments vibrated upon the air. The bearers stopped at a side entrance, and at a sign from Ai, Reuel followed him into the edifice.

All was silence, save for the distant hum of voices, and the faint sound of music. They halted before a curtain which parted silently for their entrance. It was a small room, but filled with a light of soft colors; when Reuel could

command his gaze, he beheld about twenty men prostrated before him. Presently they arose and each filed past him, reverently touching the hem of his white robe. Among them was Ababdis, so transformed by his gorgeous robes of office as to be almost unrecognizable.

Ai now assumed an azure robe embroidered in silver stars and crescents that formed a sunburst in shape of a Grecian cross. He then advanced towards Reuel bearing on a silken cushion a magnificent crown, where the principal aigrette was shaped as a cross set with gems priceless in value. Astounded at the sight, the young man stood motionless while it was adjusted by golden chains about his head. The gems blazed with the red of the ruby, the green of the emerald, the blue of the sapphire, the yellow of the topaz, the cold white of priceless diamonds. But dulling all the glories of precious stones, peerless in their own class, lay the center ornament—the black diamond of Senechus's crown, spoken of in Professor Stone's record. A white robe of silken stuff was added to his costume, and again his companions filed past him in deepest reverence. Reuel was puzzled to understand why so great homage was paid to him. While he turned the thought in his mind, a bugle sounded somewhere in the distance, sweet and high. Instantly, he felt a gliding motion as if the solid earth were slipping from beneath his feet, the curtains before him parted silently, and he found himself alone on a raised platform in the center of a vast auditorium, crowded with humanity. Lights twinkled everywhere; there was the fragrance of flowers, there were columns of marble draped in amber, azure and green, and glittering lamps encrusted with gems and swung by golden chains from the sides of the building. A blazing arch formed of brilliant lamps raised like a gigantic bow

in the heavens and having in its center the words

"HAIL! ERGAMENES!"

in letters of sparkling fire, met his startled gaze. Then came a ringing shout from the throats of the assembled multitude, "Ergamenes! Ergamenes!" Again and again the throng lifted up the joyous cry. Presently as Reuel stood there undecided what to do—not knowing what was expected of him, as silently as he had come, he felt the motion of the platform where he stood. The crowd faded from sight, the curtains fell; once more he stood within the little room, surrounded by his companions.

"Ababdis, Ai," he demanded, sternly, "What is the meaning of this strange happening, more like a scene from the Arabian Nights? Who is Ergamenes?"

"Thou art Ergamenes—the long-looked-for king of Ethiopia, for whose reception this city was built! But we will return to the palace, now that the people have satisfied somewhat their curiosity. At supper you shall know more."

Once more the bearers carried them swiftly beyond the confines of the city, and soon the palace walls rose before them. Reuel had hardly collected his scattered wits before he found himself seated at table and on either side of the board the Council reclined on silken cushions. His own seat was raised and placed at the head of the table. There was no talking done while what seemed to be a solemn feast was in progress. Servants passed noiselessly to and fro attending to their wants, while from an alcove the music of stringed instruments and sweetest vocal numbers was borne to their ears.

After supper, they still reclined on the couches. Then from the hidden recesses the musicians came forth, and kneeling before Reuel, one began a song in blank verse, telling the story of Ergamenes and his kingdom.

"Hail! oh, hail, Ergamenes!

The dimmest sea-cave below thee,
The farthest sky-arch above,
In their innermost stillness know thee,
And heave with the birth of Love.

"All hail!

We are thine, all thine, forevermore;
Not a leaf on the laughing shore,
Not a wave on the heaving sea,
Nor a single sigh
In the boundless sky,
But is vowed evermore to thee!"

"Son of a fallen dynasty, outcast of a sunken people, upon your breast is a lotus lily, God's mark to prove your race and descent. You, Ergamenes, shall begin the restoration of Ethiopia. Blessed be the name of God for ever and ever, for wisdom and might are His, and He changeth the times and seasons; He removeth kings and countries, and setteth them up again; He giveth wisdom unto the wise, and knowledge to them that know understanding! He revealeth the deep and secret things; He knoweth what is in the darkness, and the light dwelleth with Him!

"Great were the sins of our fathers, and the white stranger was to Ethiopia but a scourge in the hands of an offended God. The beautiful temples of Babylon, filled with vessels of silver and gold, swelled the treasures of the false god Bel. Babylon, where our monarchs dwelt in splendor, once the grandest city to be found in the world. Sixty miles round were its walls, of prodigious height, and so broad that seven chariots could be driven abreast on the summit! One hundred gates of solid brass gave entrance into the city, guarded by lofty towers. Beautiful buildings rose within, richly adorned and surrounded by gardens. One magnificent royal palace was girdled by three walls, the outermost of which was seven miles and a half in compass. In its grounds rose the far-famed hanging gardens, terraces

built one above another to the height of three hundred and fifty feet, each terrace covered with thick mould, and planted with flowers and shrubs, so that the skill of man created a verdant hill on a plain. Nearly in the centre rose the lofty temple of Belus, the tower of Babel, whose builders had hoped to make its summit touch the very skies. Millions of dollars in gold were gathered in the chambers of the temple. The wealth, power and glory of the world were centered in the mighty city of Babylon.

"On the throne of this powerful city sat your forefathers, O Ergamenes!"

Part of the story had been given in recitative, one rich voice carrying grandly the monotonous notes to the accompaniment of the cornet, flute, sackbut, dulcimer and harp. Reuel had listened to the finest trained voices attempting the recitative in boasted musical circles, but never in so stately and impressive a manner as was now his privilege to hear. They continued the story.

"And Meroe, the greatest city of them all, pure-blooded Ethiopian. Once the light of the world's civilization, now a magnificent Necropolis.

"Standing at the edge of the Desert, fertile in soil, rich in the luxuries of foreign shores; into her lap caravans poured their treasures gathered from the North, South, East and West. All Africa poured into this queenly city ivory, frankincense and gold. Her colossal monuments were old before Egypt was; her wise men monopolized the learning of the ages, and in the persons of the Chaldeans have figured conspicuously the wisdom of ages since Meroe has fallen.

"Mother of ancient warfare, her horsemen and chariots were the wonder and terror of her age; from the bows of her warriors, the arrows sped like a flight of birds, carrying destruc-

tion to her foes,—a lamb in peace, a lion in time of war."

Once more the measure changed, and another voice took up the story in verse.

"Who will assume the bays

That the hero wore?

Wreaths on the Tomb of Days

Gone evermore!

Who shall disturb the brave

Or one leaf of their holy grave?

The laurel is vow'd to them,

Leave the bay on its sacred stem!

But hope, the rose, the unfading rose,

Alike for slave and freeman grows!

"On the summit, worn and hoary,

Of Lybia's solemn hills,

The tramp of the brave is still!

And still is the poisoned dart,

In the pulse of the mighty hearts,

Whose very blood was glory!

Who will assume the bays

That the hero wore?

Wreaths on the Tomb of Days

Gone evermore!"

Upon Reuel a strange force seemed working. If what he heard were true, how great a destiny was his! He had carefully hidden his Ethiopian extraction from the knowledge of the world. It was a tradition among those who had known him in childhood that he was descended from a race of African kings. He remembered his mother well. From her he had inherited his mysticism and his occult powers. The nature of the mystic within him was, then, but a dreamlike devotion to the spirit that had swayed his ancestors; it was the shadow of Ethiopia's power. The lotus upon his breast he knew to be a birthmark. Many a night he had been aroused from childhood's slumbers, to find his mother bending above him, candle in hand, muttering broken sentences of prayer to Almighty God as she ex-

amined his bosom by the candle's rays. He had wondered much; now he guessed the rest. Once more the clanging strings of the instruments chained his attention. The recitative was resumed.

"The Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever He will. He delivereth and rescueth, and He worketh signs and wonders in heaven and in earth. Pre-eminent in peace, invincible in war—once the masters of mankind, how have we fallen from our high estate!

"Stiff-necked, haughty, no conscience but that of intellect, awed not by God's laws, worshipping Mammon, sensual, unbelieving, God has punished us as he promised in the beginning. Gone are our ancient glories, our humbled pride cries aloud to God in the travail of our soul. Our sphinx, with passionless features, portrays the dumb suffering of our souls.

Their look, with the reach of past ages,
was wise,
And the soul of eternity thought in their eyes.

"By divine revelation David beheld the present time, when, after Christ's travail for the sins of humanity, the time of Ethiopia's atonement being past, purged of idolatry, accepting the One Only God through His Son Jesus, suddenly should come a new birth to the descendants of Ham, and Ethiopia should return to her ancient glory! Ergamenes, all hail!

"You come from afar
From the land of the stranger,
The dreadful in war,
The daring in danger;
Before him our plain
Like Eden is lying;
Behind him remain
But the wasted and dying.

"The weak finds not ruth,
Nor the patriot glory;
No hope for the youth,
And no rest for the hoary;
O'er Ethiop's lost plains
The victor's sword flashes,
Her sons are in chains,
And her temples in ashes!

"Who will assume the bays
That the hero wore?
Wreaths on the Tomb of Days
Gone evermore!"

Upon his companions the song of the past of Ethiopia had a strange effect. Soothing at times, at times exciting, with the last notes from the instruments the company sprang to their feet; with flashing dark eyes, faces reflecting inward passions, they drew their short, sabrelike arms and circled about Reuel's throne with the shout "Ergamenes! Ergamenes!"

CHAPTER XVI.

Once more Reuel found himself alone with Ai. It was far into the night, but he felt sleepless and restless. At last Ai broke a long silence:

"Tell me of the country from which you come, Ergamenes. Is it true that the Ethiopian there is counted less than other mortals?"

"It is true, Ai," replied Reuel. "There, the dark hue of your skin, your waving hair with its trace of crispness, would degrade you below the estate of any man of fair hue and straight locks, belonging to any race outside the Ethiopian, for it is a deep disgrace to have within the veins even one drop of the blood you seem so proud of possessing."

"That explains your isolation from our race, then?"

Reuel bowed his head in assent, while over his face passed a flush of shame. He felt keenly now the fact that he had played the coward's part in hiding his

origin. What though obstacles were many, some way would have been shown him to surmount the difficulties of caste prejudice.

"And yet, from Ethiopia came all the arts and cunning inventions that make your modern glory. At our feet the mightiest nations have worshipped, paying homage to our kings, and all nations have sought the honor of alliance with our royal families because of our strength, grandeur, riches and wisdom. Tell me of all the degradation that has befallen the unfortunate sons of Ham."

Then in the deep, mysterious silence of the night, Reuel gave in minutest detail the story of the Negro, reciting with dramatic effect the history of the wrongs endured by the modern Ethiopian.

To his queries as to the history of these mountain-dwelling Ethiopians, Ai gave the following reply:

"We are a singular people, governed by a female monarch, all having the same name, Candace, and a Council of twenty-five Sages, who are educated for periodical visits to the outer world. Queen Candace is a virgin queen who waits the coming of Ergamenes to inaugurate a dynasty of kings. Our virgins live within the inner city, and from among them Candace chooses her successor at intervals of fifteen years.

"To become a Sage, a man must be married and have at least two children; a knowledge of two out-world languages, and to pass a severe examination by the court as to education, fitness and ability. After an arduous preparation they are initiated into the secrets of this kingdom. They are chosen for life. The inner city is the virgins' court, and it is adorned with beautiful gardens, baths, schools and hospitals. When a woman marries she leaves this city for the outer one.

"We have a great temple, the one you entered, dedicated to the Supreme or Trinity. It is a masterpiece of beauty

and art. The population assembles there twice a year for especial service. It seats about 12,000 persons. The Sages have seen nothing equal to it in the outer world.

Octagonal in shape, with four wings or galleries, on opposite sides; the intervening spaces are filled with great prism columns, twenty-five feet high, made of a substance like glass, malleable, elastic and pure. The effect is gorgeous. The decorations of the hall are prepared natural flowers; that is, floral garlands are subjected to the fumes of the crystal material covering them like a film and preserving their natural appearance. This is a process handed down from the earliest days of Ethiopian greatness. I am told that the modern world has not yet solved this simple process," he said, with a gentle smile of ridicule.

"We preserve the bodies of our most beautiful women in this way. We suspend reflecting plates of the crystal material arranged in circles, pendant from the ceiling of the central hall, and thus the music of the instruments is repeated many times in sweetest harmony.

"We have services at noon every seventh day, chiefly choral, in praise of the attributes of the Supreme. Our religion is a belief in One Supreme Being, the center of action in all nature. He distributed a portion of Himself at an early age to the care of man who has attained the highest development of any of His terrestrial creatures. We call this ever-living faculty or soul Ego.

"After its transition Ego has the power of expressing itself to other bodies, with like gift and form, its innate feeling; and by law of affinity, is ever striving to regain its original position near the great Unity; but the physical attractions of this beautiful world have such a fascination on the organism of man that there is ever a contention against the greater object being attained; and unless the Ego can wean the body from

gross desires and raise it to the highest condition of human existence, it cannot be united to its Creator. The Ego preserves its individuality after the dissolution of the body. We believe in re-incarnation by natural laws regulating material on earth. The Ego can never be destroyed. For instance, when the body of a good man or woman dies, and the Ego is not sufficiently fitted for the higher condition of another world, it is re-associated with another body to complete the necessary fitness for heaven."

"What of the Son of man? Do you not know the necessity of belief in the Holy Trinity? Have not your Sages

brought you the need of belief in God's Son?" Ai looked somewhat puzzled.

"We have heard of such a God, but have not paid much attention to it. How believe you, Ergamenes?"

"In Jesus Christ, the Son of God," replied Reuel solemnly.

"O Ergamenes, your belief shall be ours; we have no will but yours. Deign to teach your subjects."

When at last Reuel closed his eyes in slumber, it was with a feeling of greater responsibility and humility than he had ever experienced. Who was he that so high a destiny as lay before him should be thrust upon his shoulders?

(To be concluded.)

ETHIOPIANS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

I. QUESTIONS AFFECTING THE NATIVES AND COLORED PEOPLE RESIDENT IN BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA.

A. KIRKLAND SOGA.

To the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, P. C. M., P., His Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies, etc.

We are glad of the opportunity afforded us of approaching you, and through you the British Government, in the manner prescribed by the constitutional forms of the country for the expression of public opinion and feeling.

The loyalty of the native people of South Africa is satisfactorily testified to by the reports of the official heads of Native Departments in their recent Blue-Books. We fully confirm them now. Much as our people have suffered through the late war, their confidence in the justice of that war made them all the more willing to bear the hardships imposed upon them in common with the Mother Country. We would not lose this opportunity of testifying their indebtedness to His Excellency Viscount Milner and his able administrators in the great work of repa-

triating the native refugees, and for all that has been done in protecting, housing, and feeding them in the Concentration Camps. The cause of the sufferers can be confidently left in the generous hands of the Imperial Government in its anxiety to do the best for all classes.

THE CHURCH.

The question of loyalty raises the larger question of the indebtedness of the native races to the Government and people of Great Britain. How much is implied in the thought that out of the self-sacrificing faith of the Christian nations, foremost among whom are the people of the British Isles, the Gospel of Salvation has been brought to the people that sit in darkness and the shadow of death, cannot be adequately

expressed. No mere words can describe the spiritual blessings brought by the messengers of peace and good-will from the Church Catholic in fulfilment of the Divine commission.

The strides which education and Christianity are making are giving rise to fresh impulses, and creating a demand for reforms in the religious and

alarm. Doubtless much blame is attachable to the conduct of untrained men taking upon themselves responsibilities for which many of them are eminently unfitted by character and culture, and entering the mission field as preachers and teachers when their own knowledge is circumscribed. Thus complaints are rife of interference with vest-



KING DINIZULU, CHIEF OF THE ZULUS.

educative methods of the past, but the old conservatism looks askance at the movements generated by these impulses both in Church and Mission field. Some of the clergy have failed in great part to catch the spirit of the times, and charges involving the loyalty of the people have been made, and being taken up by the anti-native press have been freely used to create suspicion and

ed interests, of the invasion of ecclesiastical rights, of trespassing within ministerial preserves, of setting up opposition churches and mission schools, of proselyting parishioners, and in other ways creating schism and division among the churches. These church secessions are responsible for much bitterness, but as they have been interpreted as aiming at the eventual over-

throw of the established authority of the Government and the white clergy, it would perhaps be well for us to emphasize the fact as already explained to the Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, that these movements are purely a matter concerning those churches affected, and have no anti-racial significance. The black races are too conscious of their dependence upon the white missionaries, and of their obligations towards the British race, and the benefits to be derived by their presence in the general control and guidance of the civil and religious affairs of the country to harbor foolish notions of political ascendancy. The idea is too palpably absurd to carry weight with well-informed minds, and tends to obscure the real issues and to injure the people as a class. The common law of the country is amply sufficient to protect the rights of the individual or the Church.

EDUCATION.

The perilous condition of education in South Africa may be judged by the anomalous attitude of former ministries under Responsible Government towards native education. Through the retrograde influence of the Africander and British anti-native party, the education of the native and colored people has been hampered, and the instructions of the Government of the day to the Education Commissions of 1891, and the findings of the Commissions of 1896 and 1900, as recorded in the reports of the Education Department, will amply bear out this serious assertion.

At the present time, under the improved management of the Supt.-General of Education the disparity between the grants allowed per pupil to white and black, as shown by the Education Report, will be seen from the following table:

First Class Public			
School (White)	£3	17	4½
First Class Public			
School (Black)		12	2¾
Third Class Public			
Schools (White)	2	1	3¼
Third Class Public			
Schools (Black)		13	3½

The salaries paid to teachers are scandalously illiberal, forcing many to adopt other means to obtain a livelihood. The spirit that animates this attitude was expressed thirty years ago by Sir Langham Dale, the distinguished predecessor of the present Superintendent-General of Education, when he remarked (we quote from the Education Report for 1900):

"I do not consider it my business to enforce education on all the aborigines; it would ruin South Africa. If I could produce 60,000 educated Tembus or Fingoes to-morrow, what could you do with them? Their education must be gradual."

The President of the Education Commission (Sir J. D. Barry) reported (inter alia) as follows in 1900:

"The schools for aborigines have practically all been promoted, and are maintained and managed by Church associations. The teachers, who are for the most part natives, are also indebted to these Church associations for any special training they have had for their work. The school age children of the aborigines cannot number less than 200,000, but the whole of the schools frequented by the children have never had a tenth of that number on their collective rolls at any one time. It cannot, therefore, be said that so far as facilities for schooling are concerned there has been any tendency to make the education otherwise than 'gradual.' But while, speaking generally, school destitution is very noticeable, there are complaints that school areas in some

cases 'overlap,' that is to say, schools promoted by competing agencies are needlessly numerous in parts.

"It is part of the Colonial system of public education that trade-classes are to be allowed for native day schools. But it is to be doubted whether any single native day schools have such an adjunct. Probably in none of the 269 schools has any serious effort been put

ought to form an essential part of the native course.

" 'We cannot but think,' said the Commissioners, 'that Sir Langham Dale's dread of the ruin to South Africa lurking in some thousands of 'educated Tembus or Fingoes,' a dread in the entertaining of which Sir Langham Dale by no means stands alone amongst colonists—owes its origin and justification



VIEW OF THE MOOI RIVER, NATAL,
Along the banks of which the British encamped on the march to the relief of Ladysmith.

forth to provide 'manual training' for the boys. In their case the whole of the four hours daily attendance required by the by-laws of the Department is devoted to 'literary' work. Time-tables compiled on this plan are in some disfavor, for nearly every witness who had anything on the question of 'native' education to say to the Commission—and such witnesses included some missionary superintendents of the native schools, urged that 'manual training'

to the character of the education supplied to the children of these people.

" 'Meanwhile,' said the Commissioners, 'We perceive first, that in matters pertaining to their education the aborigines are not supposed to have any opinions that are worthy of notice; secondly, that the methods sanctioned for the education of this class are either on their trial or are already widely condemned; and thirdly, that the State, while assuming only a minimum of re-

sponsibility for the character of the education, year after year votes money for carrying it on.'"

The natives have much to learn and unlearn, and the power of resistance to the will of the ruling caste having been effectually broken down, they are now applying themselves to the newer conditions imposed upon them by Christianity and civilization, with a common faith in the necessity of British rule, as

THE JUDICIAL ASPECT.

Of the administration of justice by the High Courts, there is no complaint. Occasionally grave charges are made against the natives, such as those of rape on white females, and ill-behaviour and rudeness in the public streets and thoroughfares. Of the more heinous and revolting crime of rape, it may be said that it has no sanction by tribal sys-



WEDDING IN NATIVE HIGH LIFE IN ZULULAND.

the best and most liberal system for the government of the various tribes and the settlement of their conflicting interests. There is, therefore, no longer a native problem, but the Problem of the Ruling Caste, how to govern and educate on those broad and impartial lines which, while insisting on a policy of judicious firmness without prejudice, of sympathy without weakness, and justice with moderation, will, at the same time, ensure the protection of the weak and law-abiding, and be a terror to evildoers.

tems, and we therefore view with regret the attempts that are being made in the North to bring the law under subserviency to mobocracy. The comparative absence of such crimes is a testimony of the abhorrence in which they are held by the natives generally, and they would support the enforcement of the severest punishments conformable to justice, irrespective of class. On the other hand, the frequent cold-blooded murders of natives, so uncommon even among the most barbarous races, and

the difficulty of securing convictions under the Jury System, is having a marked effect in lowering the high prestige of the Bench, and the seasonable remarks of the Judge President of the High Court of Kimberley will be welcomed by the friends of law and order. We are glad to pay our respectful tribute to the high character of the Colonial Bench by quoting briefly from the learned Judge's charge to the Jury in a recent murder trial:

His Lordship reminded the Jury that inflexible justice must be administered, not only between the European race in this country, but between men of European races and those who were not. The basis upon which the Empire was built up was not material force or numerical strength and accumulated wealth. These things singly or collectively would not hold the empire together. It was the fact that equal justice was meted out to all, irrespective of race or creed. The question of the administration of inflexible justice, irrespective of color, was one in connection with which every citizen of the Empire, when called upon, must do his duty.

We think that no fair-minded man will deny that the Jury System of South Africa has too often degenerated into a mockery from its frequent abuse in cases between White and Black. It was pointed out by the late Professor Andrew Smith of Lovedale, "That a certain ignorant class, despising perjury as jurymen and actuated by race-hatred are resolved to allow none of their party to suffer for murdering a native. Such shameful crimes as the murder of helpless prisoners in the Langeberg Campaign and the brutal massacre of friendly natives by Geluk Burghers, in which no verdict from the jury could be obtained, creates a profound impression on the native population and encourages the establishment of a bitter and lasting hatred such as exists between white and black in the United States of Am-

erica. It has been thought that it would be better for the natives if the Jury Trial were abolished altogether, but to destroy the Palladium of Liberty—the gift of the Anglo-Saxon race—to mankind is not popular." The learned Professor suggested that a remedy might be found in a High Court of Justice, after the manner of the Court of Cassation in France, which has the power to review the verdict of juries, to quash sentences and to deal with all cases, where there is a violation of justice. The business of this tribunal would be to deal with cases where the verdict of juries to acquit or condemn were in gross violation of the evidence, or where the sentence was not in accordance with justice. And cases could be brought before such a Court by the Judges in the Circuit Courts, by the Public Prosecutor, by the advocates for the accused, or by others. We commend this question to the serious consideration of the British Government.

CIVIL APPOINTMENTS.

It was the wish of Sir Bartle Frere that the natives should be encouraged to fill responsible positions in the Civil Service, and to aid in the administration of the country. There is a tendency to narrow down their position to one of preferential treatment on color lines. While we can cordially appreciate the necessity of preserving the race ascendancy of the whites in a country inhabited by a preponderating colored race, such as the Bantu, the employment of men of thorough training, character, and abilities to positions of trust and responsibility should at least find more favor in the future than it has in the past. The opinion of President Roosevelt in the recent agitation over this question in America will perhaps be interesting in its appositeness to these remarks.

"It seems to me that it is a good thing from every standpoint to let the

colored man know that if he shows in marked degree the qualities of good citizenship—the qualities which in a white man we feel are entitled to reward—that he will not be cut off from all hope of similar reward.”

ADMINISTRATION.

The natives of South Africa are naturally Imperialistic in their sympathies, having come through the experiences of early Colonial history, and the frequent wars and tragedies that have been enacted in this country in which they were by no means the least sufferers. Throughout the severe trials which our race has undergone in the past nothing has impressed us more than the high sense of fairness, justice and humanity displayed by Governors of British birth in their administrative capacities. There are, for example, the names of Lord Glenelg, Sir Andries Stockenstrom, Sir George Grey, Sir Bartle Frere, and others who, in the midst of difficulties, opposition, and the strongest prejudices, contrived to maintain the traditional prestige of the Imperial power in the fulfilment of its obligations to the native races of this country, while at the same time conserving the highest interests of the white races and the Empire. How much also the natives owe to the untiring zeal and humanitarian sentiment of the much-abused Exeter Hall party and the Aborigines' Protection Society, and similar associations, which it is now the fashion to condemn indiscriminately, it would be hard to realize. With all their defects, whatever they are, we cannot cease to cherish the memories of those courageous men.

It is interesting to inquire if the British ideal is being maintained. To our mind Colonial prestige has suffered a decline through the deteriorating influences of a low standard of government in the neighboring Dutch States, previous to the late war, and which has

been unfavorably reflected in the administration of native affairs in this and the sister colonies of Rhodesia and Natal. To adduce examples of this decline in the Cape Colony we need not revert to matters so remote as the disarmament of the Basutos, which resulted in the failure of the peaceful mission of that great Imperial patriot, the late General Gordon, or the deliberate infringement of the Habeas Corpus Act, by the arbitrary arrest and detention in jail of the Pondo chief, Sigcau, whose anomalous position at the present time is worthy of the special attention of the British Government.

The principle involved in the Langberg campaign, whereby the doubtful precedent of confiscating native lands and selling them to Boer farmers, and apprenticing the prisoners, male and female, to the Western Province farmers, was established, although confiscation of the lands of the Dutch rebels was held to be illegal.

The case of Le Fleur and his Griqua accomplices in a seditious agitation in or about 1896, does not contrast reasonably in their sentence of fourteen years' imprisonment which they are now expiating on the breakwater, with the Cape Treason Bills, and the amnesty of Boer rebels, and the disfranchisement of others, who had no votes, for a period of five years, as a punishment for the serious crime of rebelling against the established authority.

Or the provisions of the labor clause in the Glen Grey Act, which can only be interpreted as a concession to the forced labor party, when applied generally, but if applied to a particular class of youthful idlers, loafers and vagrants who by their increase may become a menace to the country, revenues derived from any taxation which may be placed on such, ought to be expended on local improvements and should not go into the General Treasury. The completion of the

survey of native lands under the Glen Gray Act should discover this class of natives, who cannot otherwise be properly distinguished under tribal tenure. In this form a "gentle stimulus" cannot be reasonably opposed looking to the existing conditions.

RECENT EVENTS.

Coming to more recent events, it cannot have escaped the notice of attentive students of Colonial policy how public feeling is being influenced against the native, and the formidable attacks by press and platform which aim at the destruction of the liberties granted to them

by the benign rule of the British Government.

Much as the natives can respect all reasonable legislation which will safeguard the power of the ruling caste in the social and political affairs of the country, and which will conduce to the preservation of order and the general improvement of the native people as laboring factors in the country, they cannot view without misgivings the persistent attempts of prominent public men, backed by a powerful section of the press, both here and in Great Britain, to bring about a subversion of their constitutional rights.

THE FUTURE OF THE NEGRO ON THE STAGE.

LESTER A. WALTON.

The outlook for the negro on the stage is particularly bright and encouraging. At no time have colored stage folk been accorded such consideration and loyal support from show managers, the press and the general public. The entree of two "coon" shows—the Williams and Walker Company and the Smart Set Company at first-class New York show houses several weeks ago, were events of no small importance in the world of footlights. Heretofore, colored shows have only found their way to New York theatres of minor importance; and the crowded houses invariably in evidence where "coon" shows have played have been occasioned more by reason of the meritorious work of the performers than by the popularity of the playhouses.

The Williams and Walker Company made its inaugural appearance at the New York Theatre on Broadway several days prior to the advent of the Smart

Set Company at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. That the appearance of the former company was a big event in stagedom was evidenced by the press comment on "The First Coon Show on Broadway."

With equal, if not far more eclat, the daily press greeted the first appearance of the Smart Set Company, headed by Ernest Hogan, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre several days later. Alan Dale, dramatic critic for Hearst's New York American, was profuse in his praises of the commendable work done by the members of the show; and saw fit to write a column dissertation on "The Smart Set the Real Tinted Thing," in addition to publishing the likeness of several of the principals of the company.

It was, indeed, a crucial period for future colored shows when these two companies made their initial bows at big down-town New York theatres. The leading members of both shows were

clearly aware of the significance attached to the situation. They determined to do their very best, and urged their co-workers to do likewise. If but one show was successful it would mean much for the future of the negro on the stage; if both failed colored theatrical aggregations would find their prospec-

matic critics were at variance relative to the respective merits of the companies; the consensus of opinion of both public and press was that the two "coon" shows were highly diverting in their entertainment, and much better than many of the white musical comedies "running" in New York.



ERNEST HOGAN.

Leading comedian in the Smart Set Company.

tive status by no means enviable, and would signify the continuance of colored shows at second-class theatres for an indefinite period.

Both shows captivated the New York theatre goers. Each on its opening night to use the vernacular of the stage, made "a hit." While the opinions of the dra-

So the "coon" show is a fad in New York; and, as that metropolis usually sets the fashion in almost everything, there is no doubt as to the reception the shows will receive if sent to first-class show houses in other large cities.

The success achieved by these two colored companies has been the theme

of much talk. A number of dramatic critics assert that the step between travesty and seriousness, so far as the colored actor is concerned, is short; others, whether influenced by race prejudice or otherwise, are less optimistic.

Even in New York it was made manifest that one of the usually fair writers was inclined to belong to the latter class in his comparison of the two colored shows. He saw fit to praise one very highly because of it being a "real coon" show. While he thought the other company a good one he alluded to it as "a debilitated imitation—a 'alf and 'alf compromise, ashamed of its color."

It was pleasing to note, however, that the same writer found time to compare the work of that member of the "real coon" company who had the most serious role, with that of the white actor. Although he did not sing "coon" songs, or cake-walk about the stage, he was given the cognomen of "the dude of the show," and it was said of him, "He has a good voice, which he knows how to use; and is not as irritating as white gentlemen in musical comedies who own voices."

There are writers who seem to think that a negro is endurable on the stage as long as he makes himself ridiculous. Singing "coon" songs and cake-walking is always acceptable. After that, nay, nay.

There is no strong and convincing argument to disprove the assertion that the step between travesty and seriousness for the colored performers, is short. A more complex question, if any, should be—when will it be opportune to make the step?

The remarkable progress made by the negro performer since the existence of the stage minstrel is a favorable indication as to what may be expected of him in the future. It was the minstrel troupe that first gave the colored stage aspirant an opportunity to entertain the general

public before the foot-lights. Then came the colored entertainer in vaudeville. Up to date we have colored companies headed by first-class comedians.

The character work of such comedians as Bert Williams, Ernest Hogan and George Walker is doing much to elevate the negro on the stage. Their impersonations of the "funny ducky" are the best and truest yet given. They are highly successful in their work because they don't overdo. In talk and walk they draw grotesque pictures from life; in both mental and physical impersonations they represent characters you have seen at some time or place. They "make good" because they show individuality.

There are many colored performers who have the wrong idea of what the stage ducky really should be. They assume roles that are unnatural—which never existed. Their false impressions on that score cause them to overdo in their endeavor to impersonate their idea of the "funny ducky." With Messrs. Williams, Walker and Hogan, and it can be said a few other colored comedians, instead of trying to imitate Uncle Tom or Uncle Tom's grandfather they depict life subjects.

I agree with Lewis C. Strange of the Boston Journal, who said: "The nigger minstrel is a development, a theatrical tradition. He is not a copy of anything that ever existed. Fifty years ago he may have been a lifelike product, but to-day he is strictly a tradition. The colored entertainer has inherited the tradition in common with his white brother and he has modeled his 'stage coon' on lines exactly the same as those laid down by the white man blacked up."

The Williams and Walker Company and the Smart Set Company are in the category with the Rogers Brothers and Weber and Fields—only more money is expended by the white shows. So far, the two colored shows serve to their audiences a hodge-podge of bright and

catchy music, mirth-provoking dialogue and mannerisms void of serious lines.

A writer recently suggested in an article that a colored company employ some vehicle by which it could depict true Southern conditions, declaring that such a show would be a novelty. Singing and dancing he considered indispensable, as a colored show without singing and dancing would be an anomaly, he said.

The stage is the medium by means of which ideas—whether true or false—are disseminated; where many opinions are molded. Whether in viewing a tragedy or a comedy one's undivided attention is always given, and a sentiment of some kind always accrues thereby. It oftentimes sets the fashion in dress, and many coy maidens and callow youths frequently take their ideals of a sentimental nature from it.

The stage will be one of the principal factors in ultimately placing the negro before the public in his true and proper light. Instead of being ridiculed before the foot-lights as has been done for years, a sentiment will be crystalized which will be of an instructive and beneficial nature.

It is unfortunate that the members of the white race, generally speaking, do not know the colored man as he is, but merely from impressions formed of him from the observation of a certain element obnoxious—yet usually most conspicuous. As the races do not mix socially to any great extent, the knowledge acquired of the cultured negro in many portions of the country is meagre. There is no discrimination shown.

'Tis true that the production of a negro play with too much race **problem** would not be **practicable**. Irish and German and Hebrew plays are yearly "put on the boards" all with an idea of giving a roseate and unprejudiced view of the races represented and appealing to the consideration of the public; to break down all false impressions of certain presumed racial characteristics. All such plays, however, are handled like glass—with care.

I look to the negro of the stage to be of material benefit in the future upbuilding of the race and in the effacement of race prejudice—to a large extent. With colored performers of high moral character and ability assuming character roles in wholesome plays there can be no doubt as to what the effect will be. Plays possessing those elements that will serve an iconoclastic purpose in the dissipation of false impressions regarding the negro race as a whole; plays mingled with farce, yet dramatic interest, and embodying true and admirable negro characters; plays worthy of serious consideration and appealing to the most prejudiced, are the kind that will certainly assist the race in its fight for right and just recognition.

The negro possesses traits that are praiseworthy. It is often said that he would "shine" in Thespian life, no matter what environment. The time for the debut of the colored actor in serious stage work is not far distant; and if reports are true, the public will soon see a novelty in character delineation, participated in by colored performers—and a comic opera will be the vehicle used.

BIOGRAPHIES OF THE OFFICERS OF THE NEW MANAGEMENT OF OUR MAGAZINE.

Honorable John Temple Graves of Georgia, said in Montgomery, Alabama, May 9, 1900:

"The problem that confronts us is one of tremendous meaning to both races—white and black. It is a problem for the Negro because he can have neither social nor political equality—because he can never compete with Anglo-Saxon civilization. His is the weakest and ours the strongest race on earth. Our majority is 60,000,000, and we have 1,000 years the start of him. No race has ever competed with the Saxon, and where is the hope for the Negro? In politics, in society, in industry and in trade, there is no well-founded hope for the inferior race.

"History without a break, and precedent without a variation, proclaims this to be true. There is not a ray of promise for him in either. The Negro fronts a hopeless and unequal competition."

So now, it rests with us as a race to refute these rabid and soulless theories by every honorable means in our power. First, by keeping alive by constant repetition, the miraculous deeds of Negro men of the past, who, born with less than nothing, yet compassed for themselves honors and wealth becoming in men of affairs of any nation or race. Second, by an ever-watchful vigilance and pressing forward toward the greatest and best prizes the world offers to integrity, industry and character.

We intend to compete with the Anglo-Saxon in every avenue that civilization has opened to mankind; the sooner this is understood the better. The best the world can give is ours; there is no aristocracy with God, and

we will have it all to the last atom. It is not industrialism that we oppose, it is the line of demarcation that would set the pace of our advancement.

Given a man, and his color sinks into insignificance. All that is required is the miracle of intellect—the talisman and sign-manual of his kinship with God and his brotherhood to all mankind.

It rests with ourselves then, in a great degree, to solve the vexed question of black manhood and womanhood. There is no other help.

The world's civilization has reached the stage where the Negro is destined to play his important part ably and well, and the ability he possesses for equal and exact achievement with any other race is to be honored for itself.

We shall endeavor to narrate in this brief sketch the career of one who has exemplified in his life the noble character of a high-minded American gentleman, albeit of that race for whom the Southern white sees naught but gloom.

But for the efforts of Colonel Dupree, doubtless the "Colored American Magazine" would be a thing of the past. In the midst of the financial storm under which the Colored Co-operative Publishing Company has been laboring, when it seemed inevitable that our frail bark should founder, and many staunch friends grew faint-hearted, Colonel Dupree came forward, gave sound counsel, lent the weight of his solid business reputation, gave financial aid, and, in short did everything in his power to save the Magazine to the race. Never in our history was there greater need of an organ entirely devoted to race-interests, where the events of moment can be

truthfully recorded without a fear of the censor's pencil, or endangering a writers' life. The race owes the Colonel eternal gratitude.

Col. Dupree's life is an example of the aphorism, "Man is his own star." Be he white or black, such a man needs no conjurer to cast his horoscope. Public confidence has repeatedly called him to the charge of most important public affairs, and to private trusts, even in New England where Senator Hoar has told us that we must not seek the loaves



MR. WILLIAM O. WEST, BOSTON, MASS.
Manager Colored American Magazine.

and fishes of office in acknowledgment of our fealty to party.

"The hand of the diligent shall bear rule," says Solomon, and again: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business; he shall stand before kings." No truer words were ever written, and we should bear them ever in mind. The history of the world shows us how largely the prosperity of a people depends upon the virtuous and persevering industry of its sons. Every position in life involves a trust in which we are bound to be faithful and persevering. The most essential

element of success in life is that integrity which becomes a principle, which looks upward for guidance, and allows no inducement of self-interest to tempt it from the narrow path. Wealth in the hands of such men ceases to be an evil, and is found side by side with true piety accomplishing the divine law. William H. Dupree was born in Petersburg, Virginia, March 13, 1839, removing the same year to Chillicothe, Ohio. He received his education in the common schools until nineteen years of age, at which time he lost his father. Seeking employment, he was engaged as a messenger at the headquarters of the Marietta & Cincinnati R. R., until the outbreak of the Civil War.

In common with all young colored men, Mr. Dupree was enthusiastic in his desire to strike a blow for the freedom of his people, and gladly tendered Honorable John M. Langston his services to bring to Boston, Massachusetts, thirty-seven young men, most of them the flower of colored society in the West, to help make up the Fifty-fifth Mass. Volunteers, June 5, 1863. Mr. Dupree was made First Sergeant, Company H. June 25, same year. The regiment reached Folly Island July 25, 1863, and Mr. Dupree served with it in South Carolina, Florida and Georgia. At the famous battle of Honey Hill the Fifty-fifth occupied the most perilous position throughout the engagement. Three times these heroic men marched up the hill and were swept back by the iron hail of grape-shot and shell; more than one hundred lost in half an hour. What the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts was at Wagner and Olouste, the Fifty-fifth was at Honey Hill. In this battle Lieutenant James Trotter, later Recorder of Deeds at Washington, D. C., and a relative of Lieutenant Dupree, was wounded but fought on; also Lieutenant Charles L. Mitchell was severely wounded in this battle, losing his right foot. Mr. Dupree was mustered out as Second Lieutenant.

Company I, serving until the regiment returned to Boston, October 25, 1865.

He was appointed a letter-carrier at Station A, Boston, Mass., February 12, 1866, where he served until May, 1874, when he was appointed a clerk by William L. Burt, at Station A. On October 1, 1874, he was appointed superintendent of Station A, which position he still holds, June, 1903.

When Mr. Dupree took charge in 1874 the office employed three clerks and eight carriers. The force has been increased until fourteen clerks and forty-four carriers are required, and the office does a business in stamps and other sales of \$100,000, and money orders to the amount of \$125,000. The station is the second largest in the city of Boston, and does as large a mailing business as any station in the city, and a larger business than two-thirds of the offices in the State.

Mr. Dupree was appointed chairman of the commissioners for the disbursement of the Firemen's Relief Fund of Massachusetts (all white), by Governor John Q. A. Brackett, July 24, 1890. In 1892, Mr. Dupree was mentioned for the office of State Auditor, and would have undoubtedly secured the position if he had been persistent.

Mr. Dupree was chairman of the committee in charge of the dedication ceremonies attending the unveiling of the Crispus Attucks monument on Boston Common, serving in company with Governor Ames, Butler R. Wilson, Lewis Hayden and others. In our June number, 1901, we gave a picture of the famous Shaw monument by St. Gaudens, sculptor; Mr. Dupree was secretary of the committee which brought the veterans from all over the country together to be present at the unveiling of this sacred and historical memorial to Colonel Shaw and his brave black followers.

Among his own race, Mr. Dupree has always occupied a leading position, representing as he does the solid business

element of Boston. As President of the Colored National League, the Equal Rights Association and the Wendell Phillips Club, trustee of the Young Men's Educational Aid Association, he has come prominently before the people on vital race questions. At the conference of colored men in the Meionaon, September 17, 1889, he said:

"Our demand should be a reasonable one, and our men presented should be well-known, tried, earnest, faithful, capable, and courageous ones; not over-



MR. JESSE W. WATKINS, BOSTON, MASS.
Treasurer, Colored Co-operative Pub. Company.

confident; fearless in any place that might be assigned them; always conscious of the prejudice that surrounds them and the necessity of strict integrity and faithful performance of duty. * * *

"Position and money will make us of consequence. Let us try to get both. Both, when rightly used reflect honor upon the possessors, upbuild the race and beget power. * * * * *

"Office holding would not be the burden of our song if we were given fair opportunities in commercial life. It is seldom that our children can secure a

chance, or that a chance can be secured for them to grow up in practical business relations, and thereby gain thorough commercial knowledge. Cramped in every way, in every desire for progress and elevation, we find only one lever with which we have any hope of lifting the mighty weight from us, and that is our votes."

At a meeting of the Massachusetts Equal Rights Association, Mr. Dupree said:

"We cannot be indifferent or remain quiet under the wrongs suffered by our race. No intelligent colored man or woman can be restful under existing circumstances. The denial of admission at the North to the trades, to the store, mill, machine shop and many other avenues of business on account of color is a constant source of injustice.

"I believe in agitation.

"Public conscience can be awakened only by constant and continued exposition of conditions as they really exist.

"The social, industrial, educational and public discontent of the Negro is not meaningless. Something has cut the nerve of sympathy between many of the formerly earnest white friends and the Negro.

"Witness the coldness and apathy on the part of many of them in the North since the financial and commercial fevers have been raging in the South.

"We should come together all over the country in associations to advance our interests for mutual protection, for agitation in aid of our people in the South and to demand that which is denied us—equal civil and political privileges for colored American citizens all over this broad land."

He was delegate-at-large from Massachusetts to the Colored Men's National Convention, called at Washington, D.C., February, 1893. In his speech offering a resolution memorializing Congress to pass the Blair Educational bill, Mr. Dupree said in the course of extended remarks:

"A public school system, then, Mr. chairman and gentlemen of the convention, such a system as that of New England, which creates a respect for every man's rights, and teaches that every man has rights which all other men are bound to respect, is our sheet anchor for the future."

President of the Rock Ledge Improvement Association, owning a fine \$5,000 residence in a popular section of Boston, and other financial interests in the west, Mr. Dupree occupies an enviable social position among white and black. He is a past commander of Post 68, G. A. R., having held the commander's place in 1895. This post numbers 297 men, 3 of whom are colored. This is a beneficial organization owning property—a hall worth \$7,500 and valuable furnishings. Mr. Dupree is one of the trustees of this property; he attended the Encampment at Cleveland, Ohio, September 9, 1901, as an assistant inspector on the staff of the Department Commander.

Mr. Dupree's home life is particularly happy, his wife, nee Miss Lizzie M. Isaacs of Chillicothe, Ohio, whom he married in 1871, coming of a prominent family and being a beautiful and accomplished lady. She has aided her husband materially in all his efforts, and is a prominent member of the Women's Relief Corps of Dorchester, Mass.

In assuming the presidency of the Colored Co-Operative Publication Company, Mr. Dupree takes a position worthy of his history, and one which will aid the race materially. "The Colored American Magazine" will continue to lead the advance of young colored Americans to battle with the ancient foes of the abolitionist fathers. Its character is national and in its columns, as in the columns of the brave old "Liberator" of Garrison and of John Brown, of Phillips, of Douglass and Remond, we will renew the battle for equal and exact justice for all races and all men.

When we contemplate the sacrifice of

noble lives, the rivers of blood and treasure poured out to cleanse our common country of the curse of slavery, we feel that this is no time for wise conservatism and pandering to local prejudices of section or class. It is the time to strike a blow for the honor of American institutions. In the warfare we are waging, the rights of white laborers will be preserved along with the political freedom of the Negro.

In the vital resurrection of the South that has come, when she is bidding for millions of men and millions of money to equip her for her great industrial rivalry of New England and the West, lies the crucial test. Political complexities must be settled as a guarantee that the men who are invited to invest muscle and money shall be allowed to the full the liberty of the Constitution. The abridgment of the rights of one class weakens confidence that the rights of others will be respected. The battleground of the twentieth-century Negro is the maintenance of the rights of all men.

The immortal words of the great Whittier were never more appropriate than now:

Our fathers to their graves have gone;
Their strife is past,—their triumph won;
But sterner trials wait the race
Which rises in their honored place,—
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight.

William O. West, manager of the "Colored American Magazine" and secretary of the Colored Co-Operative Publishing Company, was born in Lynn, Mass., February 16, 1859. He is the son of Ottawa West, a well-known and respected citizen of Baltimore, Md., who came North in the early fifties, and settled in Lynn in 1857. Mr. Ottawa West was a race man,—genial and social

and having a large circle of acquaintances among the most influential colored citizens as well as among the whites. Mr. William West partakes of his father's geniality, and is a social favorite, counting among his boyhood friends such familiar names as Judge Terrell, of Washington, D. C., and Prof. Parker N. Bailey of the same city.

Mr. West was educated in the public schools of Lynn, thereby following the trend of a fearless Yankee boy, albeit belonging to the Negro race. He seems also to have imbibed much of the go-aheadism and nervous energy and indomitable pluck of the "shoe town," walking over business obstacles with surprising ease, and a cheerfulness that is inspiring. After finishing his studies he associated himself with his father at his trade, in his native city, and remained with him until his death, about two years ago.

In June, 1898, he married Miss Anna A. Gray, of Cambridge, Mass., residing in Lynn until May, 1902, when he moved to Boston, taking up his residence with his charming little wife, in the home of Colonel Dupree, President of the Colored Co-Operative Publishing Company, where they are still living. Mrs. West comes of a fine family; her father, Mr. Horace J. Gray, of Cambridge, was for years an inspector in the Internal Revenue Department, Boston, Mass. Her aunt, the late Mrs. Annie Brown, was the widow of Dr. Wm. Wells Brown of anti-slavery fame, whose books and lectures made him famous at home and abroad.

Mr. William O. West, being desirous of making a change in business, a zealous race advocate, and recognizing that the "Colored American Magazine" was a fine business venture which only needed development at the hands of some earnest and honest business men, concluded to become one of the three first-class men who have allied their fortunes with a great race enterprise. His best

talents and energy will be devoted to the interests of the magazine.

Mr. West has had experience in various lines aside from his regular work, but has never entered politics, aside from being elected as Election Clerk in the ward where he resided, receiving re-appointment each year for twelve years, except the last; his removal to another city denied him eligibility to re-appointment.

Mr. West is a hustler, and, we have no doubt, will become a prime favorite with our agents and patrons.

Jesse W. Watkins, the treasurer of the new Colored Co-Operative Publishing Company, served the old company as secretary and assistant treasurer; in him young Afro-Americans may find a record worthy of emulation.

"Man is his own star." He needs no conjurer to cast his horoscope. Courage, industry, perseverance, honesty, courtesy, faith, hope, combined with talents and upright principles, make up the moral horoscope. Some, indeed, are born great—"some achieve greatness"—all in this free country ought to be able to do it; and "some have greatness thrust upon them"; but all—white and black, have within their reach the rewards of honest industry. Success in life is equally certain, in any and every career, to him who uses the right means.

"The child is father to the man."

Mr. Watkins was born in Chesterfield Co., Virginia, in 1872. His father died when he was one year old, leaving two other small children and a widow. Always serious and thoughtful beyond his years, as the toddling infant grew more mature, he developed a passionate desire for an education. Through his mother's efforts that desire was partly gratified, and "Jesse" was enabled to get through the country schools, where he developed a remarkable talent for the science of mathematics.

Meantime, Mrs. Watkins had mar-

ried again, and the lad became restless under the rule of a step-father, and finally concluded to leave home and seek his fortune in some other locality. Taking ten of his schoolmates with him, he went West and worked at various places quarrying marble and on the farm. He was always found to be reliable, and soon gained an enviable reputation among his employers and associates for attention to business and strict honesty, so much so that he became the banker of his companions, being the only one among them who had acquired the habit of saving his earnings. His white employers made him foreman of the gang when the white foreman left, but with the usual prejudice, gave him but \$3.50 per day where the former boss had received \$5.00 per day. Such is the Negro's fate.

Becoming dissatisfied with life in the South, Mr. Watkins made up his mind to seek his fortune North, and came to Boston in 1893. Being persistent, he soon obtained a situation as janitor, in which vocation he became noted for efficient service, and his position soon paid him \$100 per month, and his small bank account grew steadily until he had sufficient to invest in some real estate. Meanwhile he studied nights, attending the Boston public night schools, graduating from the grammar department in 1895. He then entered the Boston Evening High School and took a complete business course, which he finished in 1899. At the same time he was studying practical electricity, having been fortunate enough to fall into the hands of a Mr. Miller, a practical electrical engineer. Mr. Watkins studied with Mr. Miller three years; his intention was to take up the business as a profession, but the strong prejudice existing against colored men in trade circles compelled him to give up the idea, fearing he could not make the success he wished.

Mr. Watkin's keen business foresight can be seen from the fact that his real

estate has increased in value fourfold, and he has also acquired two farms in Virginia, one of which contains twenty acres. With all his success and plans for his own elevation, Mr. Watkins has always remained his "mother's boy, Jesse," and he has always assisted in providing for her, and she, of course, about idolizes her son. A brother, who came North to join him, mainly through his efforts, now fills a good position and is a rising man in the business world.

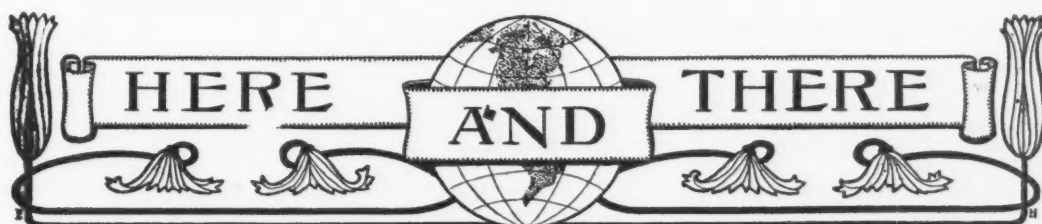
Mr. Watkins is a Past Noble Father of Grand United Order of Odd Fellows, besides being prominent in many other organizations.

In 1897, Mr. Watkins married Miss Cora L. Brown of Chesterfield Co., Va., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Brown. Mrs. Watkins is a charming woman, and Mr. Watkins is happy in his domestic circle.

Since the inception of the "Colored American Magazine" and the organiza-

tion of the Colored Co-Operative Publishing Company, Mr. Watkins, who has a great desire to do something for his race, has rendered most valuable service to the company, extending financial aid even at great risk to his own welfare. Since the Company has been in difficulties, Mr. Watkins has not rested in his efforts to bring order out of chaos and his earnestness has been an inspiration to Colonel Dupree and Mr. West.

At some future time we hope to publish a book on the romantic happenings in the life of Mr. Watkins. We believe it will be of great interest to the youth of the race. This rising business man has learned the truth of the Bible maxim, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich," and also of another, which applies no less to the business of this life than to the things which belong to the concerns of the world to come—"Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."



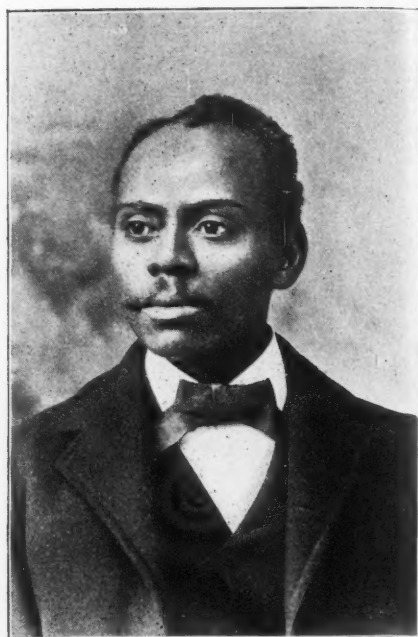
[Under this heading we shall publish monthly such short articles or locals as will enable our subscribers to keep in close touch with the various social movements among the colored race, not only throughout this country but the world. All are invited to contribute items of general news and interest.]

William E. Griffin, the subject of this sketch, was born in Baltimore, Md., in 1870, and received his early education in the public schools of that city. He was converted when eleven years of age, and was brought up in the Methodist church and Sunday school. In order to better prepare himself for his life-work, Mr. Griffin entered Lincoln University in the fall of 1890, at which time he received confirmation of his call to the Gospel ministry. Being a diligent student, Mr. Griffin finished the college course in five years, gradu-

ating at the head of his class, and was assigned the classical oration in recognition of his proficiency in classical literature. Immediately after graduating from the academical department, Mr. Griffin at the beginning of the next term entered the Theological Seminary of the University, whence he soon graduated with distinguished honors, his specialty being Hebrew. He joined the Baltimore Conference of the A. M. E. Church and was ordained deacon while still in school. He was also made an elder just before graduating, and was assigned to



MISS MARION BEMAN, MIDDLETOWN, CONN.



MR. JEFFERSON GARY.



REV. WILLIAM E. GRIFFIN.



MRS. ANNA L. DIXON, NEW YORK CITY.

Shorter Chapel, Washington, D. C. Here he remained but a short time, being appointed by Bishop Handy to the chair of languages in Kittrell College. In the fall of 1900 Rev. Griffin received a call through Lincoln University, to go to Jersey City, N. J., to organize a church for the Presbyterians of that city. He accepted the call, and from this place we may date the beginning of his successful career as a minister of the Gospel. It required great faith in this new field. The church was started with but two members, and yet with all the drawbacks surrounding him, within this short time the membership numbers sixty-five persons, and has succeeded in securing a building in which to worship. This new church home was opened on Sunday, March 1, 1903, with jubilee services.

Rev. Mr. Griffin married Miss Catherine Fernandis of Baltimore, in 1898. This union has been blessed. Mrs. Griffin is an accomplished lady with a rich experience in church work, and she is in full sympathy with her husband's efforts. Besides his ministerial duties and other work incident to securing a church home for his people, Rev. Griffin finds time to advocate the cause of the "Colored American Magazine," and has increased its circulation wonderfully within a comparatively short time.

Jefferson Gary, the subject of this sketch, was born in Eufaula, Alabama, on the 23d of December, 1859, and his opportunities for securing learning at that time were indeed hazardous, but he must have been of a mechanically inclined temperament. When a small boy he was continually trying to construct imitations of every object that came into his possession. When a youth of fourteen years, he constructed a miniature boat which gave him great delight. Not having sufficient encouragement nor means to pursue his cherished ideas, he was compelled by stern necessity to seek whatever employment he could secure to gain a livelihood. In a small town

the opportunities to secure what he desired were very slim, so he moved to St. Louis, Mo., where he secured employment whereby he could earn enough to indulge his natural inclinations. He worked by day and studied by night, and in the course of a few years he had secured a theoretical knowledge of mechanics. In 1893 an elevator accident occurred in which several persons were killed and a few injured. On reading said article, Mr. Gary concluded that he could invent an elevator that would obviate the danger. He examined the mechanical parts of passenger and freight elevators, discovered where the trouble was and how it could be prevented. The result was the "Gary Safety Elevator." A company has been organized for the manufacture and sale of Gary patents.

Miss Marion Beman, of Middletown, Connecticut, is a promising young girl of the race. She is a bright scholar, is interested in music, and promises to develop exceptional talent in painting. Some of her art sketches evince great talent. Miss Beman is in her fifteenth year. She is the niece and adopted daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Paul-Beman, well known in club circles.

Miss Vella Crawford, whose portrait appears on the cover of this issue of the "Colored American Magazine," is one of the most charming and accomplished of the younger set in St. Louis' higher Afro-American society. Daughter of Mr. Thomas Crawford, one of the city's well known and well-to-do citizens, Miss Crawford has had the benefit of a liberal training in the common and high schools of St. Louis, as well as some special courses in vocal culture, instrumental music and languages. She graduates from the Sumner High School June 16, 1903, and will read a paper on "Abandoned Ideals."

Miss Crawford has given especial attention to the piano and vocal music, for which she has great talent; her par-

ents have provided the best instructors to be found in the city, and after several years of training, the results have been very gratifying. She has given recitals at the residences of some of the leading Caucasian society people, and is to-day recognized in musical circles as one of the best pianists St. Louis affords.

Miss Vella Crawford, beautiful, affable, refined, accomplished pianist, vocalist and linguist, is a type of young woman of which the race may well be proud.

Mrs. Anna L. Dixon, the subject of this sketch, was born in Savannah, Ga., and received her early education in the public schools of Washington, D.C. Being musically inclined and possessing a sweet voice for singing, she was at once a favorite in church and social circles. Mrs. Dixon's debut into society was one of the social events of the Capitol city.

Having married, she now resides in New York City, where she has for some time been prominent in church work, and in that for the Y. M. C. A. For over a year Mrs. Dixon was one of the most energetic agents in the city for the "Colored American Magazine," but had to give it up for a short time on account of other business engagements. Mrs. Dixon will resume her work for the Magazine with this issue. As she has a host of friends, she will soon take her place among our leading agents. She is a member of several women's clubs, and also of the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Colored Men's Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association.

A bust of the late William Still was recently unveiled in Philadelphia for presentation to the Home for Aged and Infirm Colored People. The artist was Miss Meta Vaux Warrick, who after a course in the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, spent two years in studying sculpture in Paris. Mr. Still's labors in the anti-slavery cause, as well as in various charitable organizations, are worthy of commemoration, and there is

a peculiar propriety in the form the testimonial has taken, as well as in the choice of the artist.

Miss Warrick has received word from Paris that five of her small statues have been accepted in this year's Salon: "Mauval's Karron," "L'homme quia Faires," and "Les Miserables."—Ex.

Mr. Charles Winter Wood, formerly a teacher in Tuskegee Institute, and who is now completing a graduate course at Columbia University, having earned quite a reputation for himself as a dramatic reader and interpreter of literature, was asked by the Choral Union Club of the University to interpret Coleridge Taylor's "Wedding Feast of Hiawatha," which was given by the club at the university on the night of April 22, in the Horace Mann Auditorium. There was present the regular highly cultured university audience which filled the auditorium to overflowing. Mr. Wood had a very hard task to perform in the rendering of this piece, by reason of the fact that the rhythm of the poem is very difficult to sustain in a reading. Mr. Wood's dramatic ability was, perhaps, never used to better advantage.

The piece selected by the Choral Union is set to music by a colored composer, and this fact may have suggested the idea of having Mr. Wood, a colored student, to render it. Be that as it may, when the entertainment was finished, Mr. Wood was fairly deluged by faculty, students and visitors and his praises were sounded in no measured terms, his wonderful magnetism and other artistic powers having so completely won the audience that the other hundred and a quarter members of the club were almost forgotten. The fact of his rich voice, flexible gestures and splendid ability of expression forming the topic of discussion the remainder of the evening prompts one to conclude that if one is master of a quality worth possessing, it does not matter after all if he be black.

LIVES AND WORKS OF NEGROES DISTINGUISHED IN EARLIER CENTURIES IN SCIENCE, LITERA- TURE AND THE ARTS.

I. FRANCIS WILLIAMS.

BISHOP H. GREGOIRE.

The information concerning this Negro poet has been taken partly from the "History of Jamaica," by Long, who will not be suspected of partiality to Negroes; for his prejudice against them shows itself even in the eulogium which was forced from him by truth.

Francis Williams, the son of Negro parents, was born in Jamaica towards the end of the 17th or the beginning of the 18th century, for he died at the age of 70, a short time before the publication of Long, which appeared in 1774.

Struck with the precocity of talents in the young Negro, the Duke of Montaigne, governor of the island, proposed to try whether by an improved education he would be equal to a white man placed in the same circumstances. Francis was sent to England, commenced his studies in private schools, and afterwards entered the University of Cambridge, where under able professors, he made considerable progress in mathematics. During his stay in Europe, he published a song, which commences thus:—

"Welcome, welcome, brother debtor,"

This ballad was so much in vogue in England, that certain individuals, irritated to see such merit in a black, attempted, but without success, to claim it as their own.

Francis having returned to Jamaica, his protector, the Duke of Montaigne, tried to obtain a place for him in the

council of the government. This was refused. Williams then opened a school in which he taught Latin and mathematics. He was preparing as his successor a young Negro who became deranged. Long cites this fact as a demonstrative proof that African heads are incapable of abstruse researches such as problems in high geometry; although he supposes that Negro creoles have more capacity than the natives of Africa. Certainly, if a particular fact would admit of a general induction, as the exercise of the intellectual faculties has proportionally deranged more heads among the learned men of letters than among other classes of society, it might be concluded that no one is capable of profound meditation.

It appears that Williams had written many pieces in Latin verse. He loved this species of composition, and was in the habit of presenting addresses of this kind to the new governor. That which he sent to Holdane is inserted in Long's history, who criticises it too severely. He reproaches the author as a plagiarist in the use of certain expressions, which, as they are found in the best poets of antiquity, and also in dictionaries, is blaming him for making Latin verses with Latin words. A critic seeing this Latin ode, and feeling indignant against the colonists for comparing blacks with apes, exclaimed, "I have never heard that an orang-outang has composed an ode." Among the defendants of slavery

we do not find one-half the literary merit of Phillis Wheatley and Francis Williams.

(We append an extract from the Ode.)

We live, alas! where the bright god of day,
Full from the zenith whirls his torrid ray.
Beneath the rage of his consuming fires,
All fancy melts, all eloquence expires.
Yet may you deign to accept this humble song,
Tho' wrapt in gloom, and from a faltering tongue;
Tho' dark the stream on which the tribute flows,
Not from the skin, but from the heart it rose.

* * * *

Nor virtue's self, nor prudence are confined,
To color, none imbrues the honest heart;
To science none belongs, and none to art;

Oh! muse of blackest tint, why shrinks thy breast,

Why fears to approach the Cæsar of the West!

Dispel thy doubts, with confidence ascend

The regal dome, and hail him as thy friend;

Nor blush, altho' in garb funereal drest,
Thy body's white, tho' clad in sable vest.
Manners unsullied, and the radiant glow
Of genius, burning with desire to know;
And learned speech, with modest accent worn

Shall best the sooty African adorn.

A heart with wisdom fraught, a patriot flame,

A love of virtue—these shall lift his name

Conspicuous, far beyond his kindred race,

Distinguished from them by the foremost place.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

History repeats itself; how closely only those know who carefully follow the trend of events in the life of the negro of to-day and compare them with those of scarce a half-century ago.

Mrs. Child dealt with the question of Slavery as she did with every other question,—in a deep, kindly, respectful sympathy. But for her there were no half-way measures, no foolish tenderness about Anglo-Saxon brotherhood and supremacy over the "dark races" of the earth. She demanded of everyone, what she gave herself, a strict adherence to duty as expounded in the immutable laws of Divinity.

Were she living to-day, her trenchant pen would do us yeoman's service in the vexed question of disfranchisement and equality for the Afro-American. From a letter written in 1861, we can judge how her caustic criticism might arouse the wrath of the southern press, and draw down upon her head the vials of Tillman's billingsgate.

To The Hon. Lemuel Shaw:

Medford, Jan. 3, 1861.

By this mail I send you three pamphlets, for which I ask a candid perusal. With deep sadness I saw your respected and influential name signed to an ad-

dress in favor of repealing the Personal Liberty Bill. I trust you will not deem me disrespectful if I ask whether you have reflected well on all the bearings of this important subject. Perhaps you may consider me, and those for whom I labor, as prone to look only on one side. Grant that it is so—is it not the neglected side? Is it not the right side? And are not you yourself, in common with all human beings, liable to look upon things too much from one point of view? I presume that your social environment is almost entirely conservative; and conservative of habits and stereotyped sayings, rather than of the original principles on which the government of this country was founded. Have you carefully examined and duly considered the other side? This mutual agreement between north and south to keep millions of fellow-beings in abject degradation and misery cannot possibly be right. No sophistry can make it appear so to hearts and minds not frozen or blinded by the influence of trade or politics.

If the common plea of the inferiority of the African race be true, that only adds meanness to our guilt; the magnanimous strong are ashamed not to protect the weak. But then everybody knows that an immense proportion of American slaves are not black. Thousands upon thousands of them are lighter than Italians, Spanish, Portuguese, Greeks, etc. They are the sons and daughters of our presidents, governors, judges, senators and generals. The much-vaunted Anglo-Saxon blood is coursing in their veins, through generation after generation.

If you set aside heart and conscience as appropriate guides for women only, and assume pure cold intellect for a standard of action, what answer will enlightened reason give, if you ask whether free institutions in one part of the country can possibly survive continual

compromises with despotism in another part? If the lowest person in the community is legally oppressed, is not the highest endangered thereby? And does not the process inevitably demoralize the people by taking away from law that which renders it sacred, namely, equal and impartial justice? I again ask you, respectfully and earnestly, to read my pamphlets with candid attention. If the request seems to you obtrusive or presumptuous, my apology is that I believe you to be an upright and kind man, and therefore infer that your heart and conscience are not in fault, but only the blinding influences of your social environment.

Yours respectfully,
L. Maria Child.

To Mrs. S. B. Shaw:

Medford, January, 1861.

On Wednesday evening I went to Mrs. Chapman's reception. . . . I went home to Derne Street very weary, yet found it impossible to sleep. I knew there were very formidable preparations to mob the anti-slavery meeting the next day, and that the mayor was avowedly on the side of the mob. . . . I was excited and anxious; not for myself, but for Wendell Phillips. Hour after hour of the night, I heard the clock strike, while visions were passing through my mind of that noble head assailed by murderous hands, and I obliged to stand by without the power to save him.

I went very early in the morning, and entered Tremont Temple by a labyrinthian passage. There I found a company of young men, a portion of the self-constituted body-guard of Mr. Phillips. They looked calm, but resolute and stern. I knew they were all armed, as well as hundreds of others; but their weapons were not visible. It was a solemn gathering, I assure you; for though there was a pledge not to use weapons unless Mr. Phillips or some other anti-

slavery speaker was personally in danger, still nobody could foresee what might happen. The meeting opened well. The anti-slavery sentiment was there in full force; but soon the mob began to yell from the galleries. They came tumbling in by hundreds. . . . It was a full realization of the old phrase, 'All hell broke loose.' Mr. Phillips stood on the front of the platform for a full hour, trying to be heard whenever the storm lulled a little. They cried, 'Throw him out!' 'Throw a brick at him!' . . . Then they'd sing, with various bellowing and shrieking accompaniments, 'Tell John Andrew, tell John Andrew, John Brown's dead.' I should think there were four or five hundred of them. At one time they all rose up, many of them clattered down-stairs and there was a surging forward towards the platform. My heart beat so fast I could hear it; for I did not then know how Mr. Phillips' armed friends were stationed at every door and in the middle of every aisle. . . . I forgot to mention that Wendell Phillips was preceded by James Freeman Clarke, whom the mob treated with such boisterous insults that he was often obliged to pause in his remarks. After Mr. Phillips, R. W. Emerson tried to address the people, but his voice was completely drowned. After the meeting adjourned, a large mob outside waited for Mr. Phillips, but he went out by the private entrance, and arrived home safely.

In the afternoon meeting the uproar was greater than it had been in the forenoon. The mob cheered and hurrahd for the Union, and for Edward Everett, for Mayor Wightman, and for Charles Francis Adams. The mayor came at last, and mounting the platform, informed his 'fellow-citizens' in the galleries that the trustees of the building had requested him to disperse the meeting and clear the hall. Turning the meeting out-of-doors was precisely what they wanted him to do.

To the same:

Wayland, May 5, 1861.

I am glad to witness the universal enthusiasm for the United States flag, though the sight of that flag always inspires a degree of sadness in my own breast. I should so delight in having it thoroughly worthy of being honored! But every flap of the Stars and Stripes repeats to me the story of those poor slaves who, through great perils and sufferings, succeeded in making their way to Fort Pickens, strengthened by the faith that President Lincoln was their friend, and that his soldiers would protect them. They were chained and sent back to their masters, who whipped them till they nearly died under the lash. When such things are done under the United States flag, I cannot and I will not say, 'God bless it!' Nay, unless it ceases from this iniquity, I say, deliberately and solemnly, 'May the curse of God rest upon it! May it be trampled in the dust, kicked by rebels, and spit upon by tyrants!

* * * * *

When it treats the colored people with justice and humanity, I will mount its flag in my great elm-tree, and I will thank you to present me with a flag for a breast-pin; but, until then, I would as soon wear the rattlesnake upon my breast as the eagle. I have raved and I have wept about that Fort Pickens affair.

We rather think it would be surprising to the old abolitionists if they could return to earth and view the enormities committed against negroes in this day. When such race scholars as Mr. W. Burkhardt Du Bois write in gloomy pessimism of the present outlook for our race, we may all tremble for our future under this government.

To Miss Henrietta Sargent:

July 26, 1861.

One can't think about anything else but the war; and where is the prophet

inspired to see the end thereof? All seems to me a mass of dark thunder-clouds, illumined here and there with flashes of light that show God is behind the clouds. I have never in my life felt the presence of God as I do at this crisis. The nation is in His hand and He is purging it by a fiery process. The people would not listen to the warnings and remonstrances of the abolitionists, uttered year after year in every variety of tone, from the gentle exhortations of May and Channing to the scathing rebukes of Garrison; from the close, hard logic of Goodell to the flowing eloquence of Phillips. More than a quarter of a century ago, Whittier's pen of fire wrote on the wall,—

'O, rouse ye, ere the storm comes forth,
The gathered wrath of God and man!'

In vain. The people went on with their feasting and their merchandise, and lo! the storm is upon us!

To John G. Whittier:

September 20, 1861.

Dear Friend Whittier,—Nothing on earth has such effect on the popular heart as songs, which the soldiers would take up with enthusiasm, and which it would thereby become the fashion to whistle and sing at the street corners. 'Old John Brown, Hallelujah!' is performing a wonderful mission now. . . . It warms up soldiers and boys, and the air is full of it; just as France was of the Marseillaise, whose author was for years unknown. . . .

Dr. Furness wrote me of a young man who was ordered on picket-duty, and was told that while he was sentinel, if any slave attempted to pass the lines, he must turn him back. He replied, 'That is an order I will not obey!' Being reminded of his duty to obey orders, he replied, 'I know the penalty I incur, and am ready to submit to it, but I did not enlist to do such work, and I will

not do it!' The officers, being aware that his feeling would easily become contagious, modified the order thus: 'If anybody tries to pass, ascertain that all's right before you allow them to pass.' That night the moon shone brightly, and the sentinel on duty saw a moving in the bushes before him. 'Who goes there? Answer quickly!' Up rose a tall ebony man. 'Who are you?' 'A fugitive.' 'Are you all right?' 'Yes, massa.' 'Then run quick.'

To Mrs. S. B. Shaw:

1863.

As for the President's proclamation, I was thankful for it but it excited no enthusiasm in my mind. With my gratitude to God was mixed an undertone of sadness that the moral sense of the people was so low that the thing could not be done nobly. However we may inflate the emancipation balloon, it will never ascend among the constellations. The ugly fact cannot be concealed that it was done reluctantly and stintedly, and even the degree that was accomplished was done selfishly; was merely a war measure, to which we were forced by our own perils and necessities; and that no recognition of principles of justice or humanity surrounded the politic act with a halo of moral glory. This war has furnished many instances of individual nobility, but our national record is mean. . . .

Speaking of individual nobility, how beautifully and bravely young Russell behaved when Savage was wounded! Your Robert, too,—people say the war has ripened in him all manly qualities. God bless and protect the two young heroes! They tell me in Boston that they both offered to lead colored soldiers. Is it so?

To the same:

1863.

I am rejoiced that Robert is so well pleased with his regiment. The Lord

seems to have inspired the colored people to behave remarkably well all through this terrible conflict. When I was in Boston, last week, I said to Edmund Quincy that never in the course of my observation, or in my reading of human history, had I seen the hand of Providence so signally manifested as in the events of this war. He replied in a very characteristic manner: 'Well, Mrs. Child, when the job is done up, I hope it will prove creditable to Providence.' My own belief is that it will. Think of Victor Hugo's writing a tragedy with John Brown for its hero!

To the same:

1863.

Oh, darling! darling! if the newspaper rumor be true, what I have so long dreaded has come upon you. But rumor very often exaggerates and sometimes invents; so I still hope, though with a heart that bleeds for you. If the report be true, may our Heavenly Father sustain you under this heavy sorrow. Severe as the blow must be it is not altogether without consolation. If your beautiful and brave boy has died, he died nobly in the defence of great principles, and he has gone to join the glorious army of martyrs; and how much more sacred and dear to memory is such a life and such a death, than a life spent in self-indulgence, gradually impairing the health and weakening the mental powers. Your darling Robert made the most of the powers and advantages God had given him by consecrating them to the defense of freedom and humanity. Such a son in the spirit-world is worth ten living here for themselves alone. Besides, dear, the separation is only for a little while. You parted from him a young man, but rendered thoughtful and anxious beyond his years by reason of the heavy responsibilities that devolved upon him. You will meet him a serene angel, endowed with larger vis-

ion and better understanding why it is we are doomed to suffer here. . . God comfort you! He alone can carry you through this dark passage.

To Miss Eliza Scudder:

1864.

I am a happy woman since the election. It makes me feel that our republican form of government rests on more secure foundations. There was no enthusiasm for honest old Abe. There is no beauty in him, that men should desire him; there is no insinuating, polished manner to beguile the senses of the people; there is no dazzling military renown; no silver flow of rhetoric; in fact, no glittering prestige of any kind surrounds him; yet the people triumphantly elected him, in spite of all manner of machinations, and notwithstanding the long, long drag upon their patience and their resources which this war has produced. I call this the triumph of free schools; for it was the intelligence and reason of the people that re-elected Abraham Lincoln. . . .

To think of the triumphal arch in the streets of Baltimore, whereon, with many honored historical names, were inscribed the names of Benjamin Banneker and R. R. Forten, two colored men! Glory to God! This is marvellous progress. Glory to God! Hallelujah!

To Miss Lucy Osgood:

1865.

I received a letter last week from William H. Channing, in acknowledgment of funds sent to the freedmen in his department. He is the same infinite glow that he was when he took my heart captive twenty years ago. He writes: 'You ought to have been in Congress on the ever-to-be-remembered 31st of January, 1865. (The day on which the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery in the United States, passed the House of Representa-

tives and went to the Legislature of the several states for ratification.)

Such an outburst of the people's heart has never been seen in the Capitol since the nation was born. It was the sunrise of a new day for the republic. I was standing by John Jay, and as we shook hands over the glorious vote I could not but say, 'Are not our fathers and grandfathers here with us? They surely must be here to share our joy in thus gathering the fruit of which they planted the seed.' Yes! and our blessed, great-hearted Theodore Parker was there, with a band of witnesses. Selah!

To Theodore D. Weld:

July 10, 1880.

I thank you cordially for the interesting memorial of your excellent wife (Mrs. Angelina Grimke Weld). . . .

The memory of the early anti-slavery days is very sacred to me. The Holy Spirit did actually descend upon men and women in tongues of flame. . . . All suppression of selfishness makes the moment great; and mortals were never more sublimely forgetful of self than were the abolitionists in those early days, before the moral force which emanated from them had become available as a political power. Ah! my friend, that is the only true church organization when heads and hearts unite in working for the welfare of the human race!

And how wonderfully everything came as it was wanted! How quickly the mingled flute and trumpet eloquence of Phillips responded to the clarion call of Garrison! How the clear, rich bugle-notes of Whittier wakened echoes in all living souls! How wealth poured from the ever-open hands of Arthur Tappan, Gerrit Smith, the Winslows, and thousands of others who gave even more largely in proportion to their small means!

How the time-serving policy of Dr. Beecher drove the bold, brave boys of Lane Seminary into the battlefield!

Politicians said, 'the abolitionists exaggerate the evil;' and in response up rose Angelina and her sister Sarah to deliver this message to the world: 'We know whereof we affirm; for we were born and bred in South Carolina, and we know that the abolitionists have not told, and could not tell, half the horrors of slavery.'

Then, like a cloud full of thunder and lightning, Frederick Douglass loomed above the horizon. He knew whereof he affirmed, for he had been a slave. Congress seemed in danger of becoming a mere 'den of thieves,' when Daniel Webster walked out with Ichabod written on his garments; and, strong in moral majesty, in walked Charles Sumner, a man so honest and pure that he could not see any other line than a straight one. What if the pulpits were silent? Theodore Parker, that Boanerges of the clerical ranks, spoke in tones strong and far-reaching as a thousand voices."

Such was the character of Lydia Maria Child, one of Christ's elect when on earth. Of her Wendell Phillips said: "Few scholars ever gave such fair play to their mother-wit; what a variety of gifts! everything but poet. Narrative, fiction, journalism, history, sketches of daily city life, ethics, consolation for the evening of life, ennobling our nature by showing how, under all error, there lives the right purpose and principle. . . . The fallen woman, the over-tempted inebriate, she could take to her home and watch over month after month. . . . We felt that neither fame, nor gain, nor danger, nor calumny, had any weight with her; that she sought honestly to act out her thought; obeyed the rule,—

'Go put your creed
Into your deed;'

was ready to die for a principle and starve for an idea."

(Conclusion.)

BRIEFS.

(WATER TURNED INTO WINE.)

The conscious water saw its God and
blushed.

THE WIDOW'S MITES.

Two mites, two drops, yet all her house
and land,
Fall from a steady heart, though trem-
bling hand;
The other's wanton wealth foams high,
and brave;
The other cast away, she only gave.

"TWO WENT UP TO THE TEMPLE
TO PRAY."

Two went to pray? O, rather say,
One went to brag, the other to pray;

One stands up close and treads on high,
Where the other dares not lend his eye;

One nearer to God's altar trod,
The other to the altar's God.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

MAJOR CHAS. H. WILLIAMS.

(Relating to the rights of men and women to marry the person of their choice under any and all circumstances.)

The following from the news columns of the "Chicago Tribune," February 18, 1898, regarding the marriage of two persons, a white man and a Negro woman:

"One of those strange infatuations which sometimes creeps into the heart of a man has set all of Vineland, N. J.,

to talking, and may result in the disinheritation of a favorite son. The simple legal tale is told in the marriage records of Camden, where there is inscribed the fact that on the 9th of last September, William Wells, Jr., was married to Miss Marah Woodford, a mulatto, Justice Bodine officiating. The man and the woman who is now his wife were playmates in the old days. The Woodford family came up from the South and set-

tled in Vineland. Young Wells' business, when he grew to manhood, took him away from home, but he returned about a year ago to find the mulatto girl grown to a handsome and well-educated woman. The old attachment was renewed, and in spite of the fury of the father, they were married. The Wells are wealthy people. The elder Wells was for many years a cotton buyer in St. Louis. Several years ago he went to Vineland and invested his money in realty. Values increased, and the old gentleman is to-day counted a millionaire."

The above, another of the very many cruel wrongs in common practice, among a Christian people, against a race of people, 8,000,000 of whom are citizens of the nation and Christians likewise, sent out broadcast throughout the land, educating more and more in that shameful prejudice against those with African blood in their veins, and not a word said on the editorial page of that great paper in condemnation of the talk and criticism of that marriage, and no defence of that people, so long oppressed and now so cruelly wronged by this people and nation.

What is this great offence that has set all Vineland to talking and may result in the disinheritance of a favorite son? Simply this: two children, a boy and a girl, form an attachment for each other, enduring until they become of mature age, an indication of its sincerity, resulting in their marriage—merely an honest exercise of a God-given desire, creditable and commendable, coming from a germ planted in the human race at the beginning, which, by the cultivation through the slow progress of time has become a very prominent stone in the foundation upon which the present progress and civilizations of the world stand; a sincerity resulting in that very commendable act known as marriage, the first step in the formation of the

family, another of the permanent stones underlying civilization.

Why should this very natural and not in the least uncommon occurrence among civilized people cause such talk, such widespread public notice—simply and solely because a white man married a woman who had Negro blood in her veins? Why should there be such talking upon a matter of this kind? It was their own affair—if satisfactory to the parties directly interested, why cause criticism and talk? Why should a lawful marriage between a white man and a Negro woman be deemed an impropriety? when, during the two and a half centuries of slavery, the illegal marriage of the white man and the Negro woman was in constant practice, very largely without the consent of the woman—without doubt continuing in common practice to this day, but causes no neighborhood talk; no favorite sons disinherited; no public notice sent out to the readers of the great daily papers. It would seem there was no objection to the marriage between the white man and the Negro woman, except when two loving hearts are publicly united as provided by the laws of the land. Then the objection comes because of that shameful prejudice against colored people, educated into us in 1832 and beyond, a very large remnant of which, to our great shame, continues with us.

Besides all this, since the Freedmen became citizens, in name, marriage between white and colored people, has been prohibited in the Southern states, by legislative enactment. This great wrong, this injustice, resorted to as one of the means in the effort to teach that the black man is of an inferior race, and to prevent his taking part in government and his recognition in social life. All of which the people of the north calmly accept and acquiesce in, with cold indifference, regardless of the great injustice being done.

That act of William Wells Jr., in taking to wife the woman of his choice, one to whom he had been attached from childhood, and which had been returned, it is probable, in full measure, is highly commendable. In view of the shameful prejudice against the woman of his choice and her people, it was a brave act, an indication of true manhood—a step in progress which should be sustained and encouraged, as all such marriages should be, by justice-loving people. It is to be hoped the father of that young man, who has behaved so nobly, will show himself to be a broad-minded, justice-loving man, by a full and prompt acceptance of the marriage, and of the young wife as a daughter, and that the family will unite with him in so doing, thus teaching this people a lesson, emphasizing the greatest of the things taught by Jesus—doing unto others as you would like to be done by.

The condemnation, cruel criticism and jeering of lawful marriages between white people and those having Negro blood in their veins, so common with white people, is one of the greatest wrongs, among the very many, committed by the white man and white woman against those of our citizens having any, the least possible, blood relation with the Negro. This cruelty is far more cruel than the barbarous acts of lynching, so popular at the South. The Negro is lynched because he is charged with a crime, very many times an act for which a white man or a white woman would not receive that punishment or any punishment if committed by them—lynched as an individual because of the charge and being a Negro. While cruel and barbarous, unjust in the extreme, it terminates with the death of the Negro, leaving only the wrong done the relatives and friends, but as they are only "niggers" it matters but little, and the unfortunate education coming therefrom. This other great

wrong is against eight millions and over of citizens, a continuing wrong, designed as a mark of inferiority, depriving them of one of the privileges of civilized life, the right of free exercise of a God-given right. Public sentiment in the past and now, here in this Christian land, in these northern states because of unfortunate teachings, sustains this cruel injustice, objects to such marriages.

In this all-important act called marriage, the foundation underlying that other highly important civilizing institution, the family, the educated colored man and woman would act, do act, just as white people do, regarding marriage, deemed so essential and necessary in the broadest and best interest of the race. They each chose a life companion, a companion for better or for worse, one who is congenial, whose qualities of mind, character, habits, cultivation attract them—they chose in accordance with that something in the race of man, which draws men and women together, into the marriage relation—draws those of different races in the same measure. But here in this nation—largely controlled by that educated prejudice found only among people of this people's nation, and because of legislative prohibition in the South such marriages, following the orderings of nature, are deemed improper if between white and black people.

Is it not time that the intelligence of this civilized nation, those who make profession of religion and those outside the churches, were putting in practice a teaching of justice, such as to educate in a way to remove, especially here at the North, all prejudice against those citizens having Negro blood in their veins, such that intelligence, character and refinement would open the door of social life, regardless of race, color, present or previous conditions? Would not such progress towards justice to our colored brothers and sisters, along with

other efforts in the direction of justice to that people to follow naturally, have great influence in preventing such barbarisms as that occurring a few days since, at Lake City, South Carolina, in which hundreds of best citizens armed with Winchesters, murdered Frazer B. Baker, colored postmaster of that place, and his infant child Dora—having first kerosened his house, set it on fire and, as the inmates rushed out, opened fire on them with their guns, killing as above and wounding Baker's wife, two daughters and a son; the attempted murder, in September last, of the colored postmaster of Hogansville, Georgia, and very many other savage barbarisms.

Such damnable outrages are a shame and disgrace to this nation, the blame of which rests largely on the shoulders of the Northern people, who seem to look upon this savagery, when the Negro is the victim, with an indifference shamefully disgraceful to people claim-

ing to be Christians. These barbarisms are in practice largely to "keep the Negroes where they belong as servants and field hands," as intimidations; the Controlling Influence of those states having decreed that the Negroes shall have no lot nor part in government affairs nor in the social life of that people. That cold indifference of the North is largely helpful in holding the Negroes where they belong as claimed by the South; is aiding and abetting in reducing them to peon slavery, a condition more objectionable than the old slavery.

When will this people, claiming to be Christians, professing to follow the teaching of Jesus, arouse themselves from the cold indifference prevalent, throw off their prejudice against these long-oppressed and now sadly wronged citizens, and demand of the Government that justice, protection and full rights as citizens, shall be extended to them?

CHILDHOOD'S DAYS.

EFFIE D. THREET.

Childhood days are golden treasures,
That doth brighten every life,
Oh! how precious is their mem'ry
In the after years of strife.

Childhood paints the sky with wonders;
Fills the air with myriads bright;
Finds perfume in ev'ry flower;
Deems the earth a world of light.

Childhood sees not earth's rough places,
But its paths are filled with flowers,
In the cloud it sees the rainbow
And forgets the time of showers.

In its realm it knows no falsehood,
On the face sees but the smile,
Innocence is its companion,
Fancy doth its hours beguile.

Memory, keep within thy casket,
These fair scenes of childhood bright,
And in hours of gloom and sadness,
Bring these visions to my sight.

Like the brilliant hues of sunlight
Doth the clouds with silver line;
So through cares and disappointments
These fair visions will entwine!

SPRINGTIME.

Earth has changed her sober garments,
And has robed herself in green;
Easter lilies deck her bosom,
Modest violets are seen.

Buttercups stand out all golden,
Hyacinth's bells begin to ring,
Fragrance comes from sweet Narcissus,
Little birds now chirp and sing.

Nature seems so full of gladness,
That her face breaks in a smile,
As the sun with ardent glances,
With his rays doth her beguile.

Father, may our hearts be ever,
Full of sunshine, free from care,
And though Spring may change to Winter,
May we e'er find sunshine there.



VENUS AND THE APOLLO MODELED FROM ETHIOPIANS.

Not only have authorities in the art world demonstrated that those most famous examples of classic beauty in sculpture—the Venus de Milo and the Apollo Belvedere—were chiselled from Ethiopian slave models, but Dr. Dudley Allen Sargent, director of physical culture in Harvard University, now announces the finest known living example of symmetrical physical development in a human being to be a young mulatto named Thomas E. White. In making the announcement Dr. Sargent says: "The standard of excellence which I adopt is not based on the measurements of Apollo Belvedere, nor any of the old Greek statues. It is a modern standard that we select, made from the best points of thousands of individuals.

"Apollo Belvedere, I am aware, is the popularly accepted idol of masculine physical perfection. From the proportions of that statue, the overlength of the arms in particular, I am of the opinion that it was modelled from a Negro. I think it is reasonably certain that the old Greek sculptors used black slaves as models for some of their statues.

"In one respect I should say that Thomas White is better proportioned than the Apollo Belvedere. His arms are not beyond the normal length. White is very uniformly built. I do not consider him overdeveloped in any part.

"He is better proportioned than Sandow in some ways. Sandow is not tall

enough in respect to his thickness to have what would be called a perfect figure."

There are passages in old Roman and Grecian histories which state that Phidias, the greatest of the Greek sculptors, used Negroes for his models.

There were two reasons for this: One was that slaves were the most available for such a purpose. The other reason was that the Africans which the Greeks held in servitude, had very fine physiques.

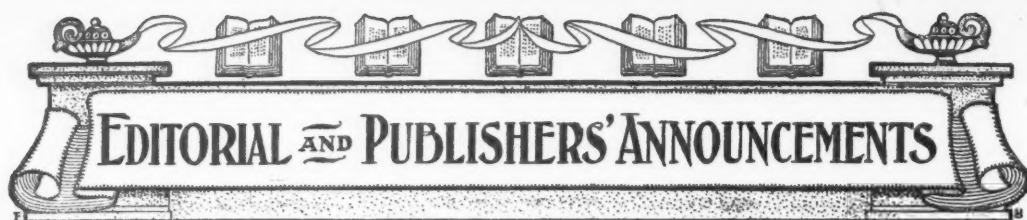
Up to the present time, however, it has been merely a theory that the great Apollo statue represented a Negro's figure. Now it is verified by scientific authority.

Physical culturists and anthropologists have found that any given race of men has certain characteristics that are transmitted from one generation to another over centuries and thousands of years.

A curious fact about the Negro race is that their arms are, as a rule, longer than those of people of the white race. This may be because they are more recently evolved from the ape ancestors.

It is to this odd fact that this revelation about the Apollo statue is due. In the Belvedere statue the arms are too long for the body.

White has all the perfection of the Apollo statue without this defect. His arms are of the proper length according to the standard of the Caucasian race.



EDITORIAL AND PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

COLORED CO-OPERATIVE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
82 W. CONCORD STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

WILLIAM H. DUPREE	President.
WILLIAM O. WEST	Sec'y and Manager.
JESSE W. WATKINS	Treasurer.
PAULINE E. HOPKINS	Literary Editor.

It is with great pleasure and satisfaction that Messrs. William H. Dupree, William O. West and Jesse W. Watkins, the new management of the Colored Co-operative Publishing Company, are enabled to announce the fact that on May 15, 1903, they purchased the copyright, title, and all bookrights, records, plates, cuts and other property of the Colored Co-operative Publishing Company, and will continue issuing the magazine under its old name, THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Owing to legal complications arising in settling the affairs of the old board of directors, the April number did not appear, and we find it advisable to issue the May and June numbers as a double number.

At the cost of many anxious moments and sleepless nights, when not a star of hope was visible in the horizon, God has permitted us to save this enterprise to our race. Envy and covetousness have sat with us in council, but even as did the Christian martyrs of old forgive their tormentors the tortures inflicted upon them, so do we forgive our enemies. At some future day we hope to be able to tell our true story to our readers, who will then give us the full sympathy of their warm hearts. We know that this is their due because of the patience they have always exhibited when we have asked their kind indulgence for apparent negligence on our part. But, at present, we can only ask that our friends will trust us, feeling that the new management will do its best to restore public confidence in this enterprise and sat-

isfy the demands of all those who have honored us with their patronage. When adversity presses on every side we realize that "a friend in need is a friend indeed."

For three years this enterprise has been an inspiring example of race progress; the new management hope to make it a greater inspiration to the race than it has been in the past. Its future success and length of life depend much on the energy, capability and honesty of its new management, but more largely upon the earnest, sincere and generous interest of its friends and the public. We shall continue the publication of the magazine under the direction of some of those who gave the best of their time and talents to promote its former growth.

Recognizing the immediate need of a race journal of high standard, we appeal to the generous public to aid us in our endeavor to uphold the banner of race progress. We recognize, also, that public confidence has been strained, but not by those who now seek to establish the magazine on a basis of honesty and integrity toward all.

We shall endeavor, after the first issue, to have the magazine ready for delivery, promptly, two or three days before the first of every month, thereby insuring all patrons their copies absolutely ON TIME.

Only partly satisfied with the success of the magazine in the past, we shall endeavor to excel all former efforts.

We shall print only that literature which is helpful, practical and beneficial

to good home influences by the best known colored authors. Our stories will be clean and healthy. Our articles will have in them the sparkle and freshness of originality. Expense will be secondary to the wishes of our readers. Religion, science, music and art will, in every respect, represent what is best in a permanent literary success. Miss Hopkins' serial, "Of One Blood," will be continued in the double number for May and June, and readers will be able to take up the thread of the story from where it was broken when the April issue was suspended.

The entire management and office force will consist of colored Americans of high standing in the community.

Correspondents are requested to write concerning manuscripts, already forwarded or prospective, photographs and all other matter of interest to themselves and the management. The removal from Park Square to W. Concord Street has, of course, caused some confusion in office routine, but we hope to be in good business trim in a few weeks. Manuscript should be written on one side only. Enclose postage when wishing its return. If in sympathy with us, write us a letter of approval. Address all communications to

The COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE is not only National but International in character. Our correspondents include patrons in China, Hawaii, Manila, West Indies and Africa. We consider it our highest privilege to do whatever we have the power to do to advance the best interests of the race everywhere. All that God wishes us to do is what we can. This we do gladly. Some time ago we received the following letter from Mr. A. Kirkland Soga, editor of "Izwi Labantu" (The Voice of the People), a weekly native organ published in English at East London, South Africa, and the sole medium of native opinion in the colony.

After receiving this letter we perfected arrangements with Mr. Soga for a series of articles on "The Ethiopian of the

Twentieth Century," fully illustrated by special photographs. The series begins in this number.

Dear Miss Hopkins:—

Our attention has been drawn to your work in the COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE by Mr. Harry Dean, a young American travelling in this country, who gives us a very flattering account of your work on behalf of the colored race. We have therefore considered the question of enlisting your sympathies and your pen through the columns of the magazine, on behalf of your black and colored brethren in South Africa. We are sending you a bundle of our paper 'Izwi Labantu,' from which you will see that the conditions in this country are similar to those existing in the reconstruction days in Southern America, with the difference that, at present, there are only two papers representing the native press in South Africa, viz., our own, which is not yet in a position to combat successfully the phalanx of opposition of the anti-native press in South Africa, and the 'South African Spectator,' which is run in a small way by Mr. F. L. S. Pereguino at No. 10 Hanover Street, Cape Town. You will see therefore, that the natives of this country are poorly represented. After reading the papers which will give you an insight into the main questions of education, franchise, religion and tenure conditions, etc., we would be glad if you would communicate with us on any topic on which you require enlightenment. You might apply to His Majesty's Stationery Department, London, for the Blue Books of the Cape, Natal and Rhodesia, which are usually compiled as favorably to the Government side as possible. But there is, of course, the other side which I intend, if possible, to present to the American and British public in the form of a book which I would like to complete early next year. Meantime we wish that the attention of the reading public of America should be directed to South Africa, and that we should co-operate by extending hands across the sea.

A. KIRKLAND SOGA.

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